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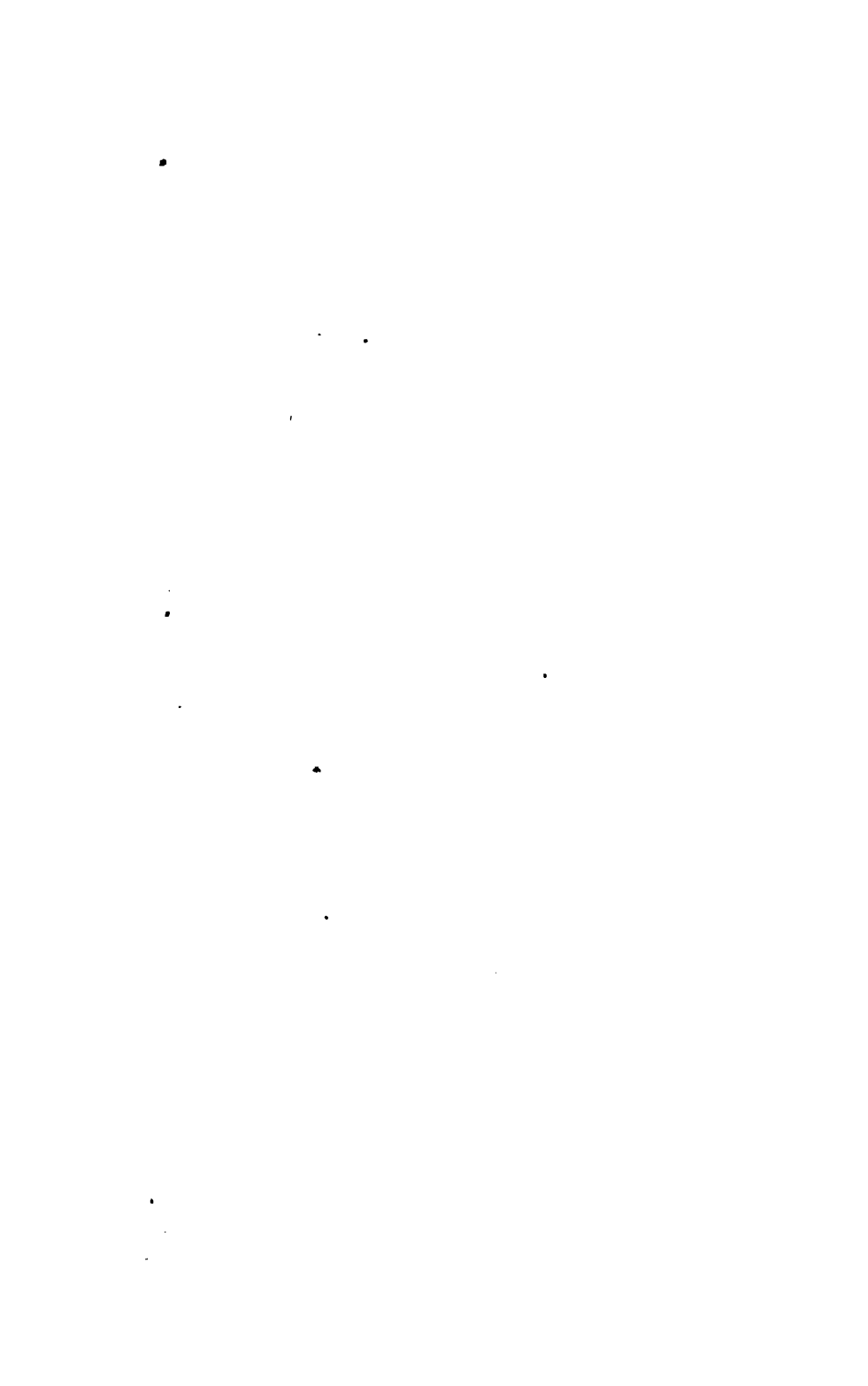


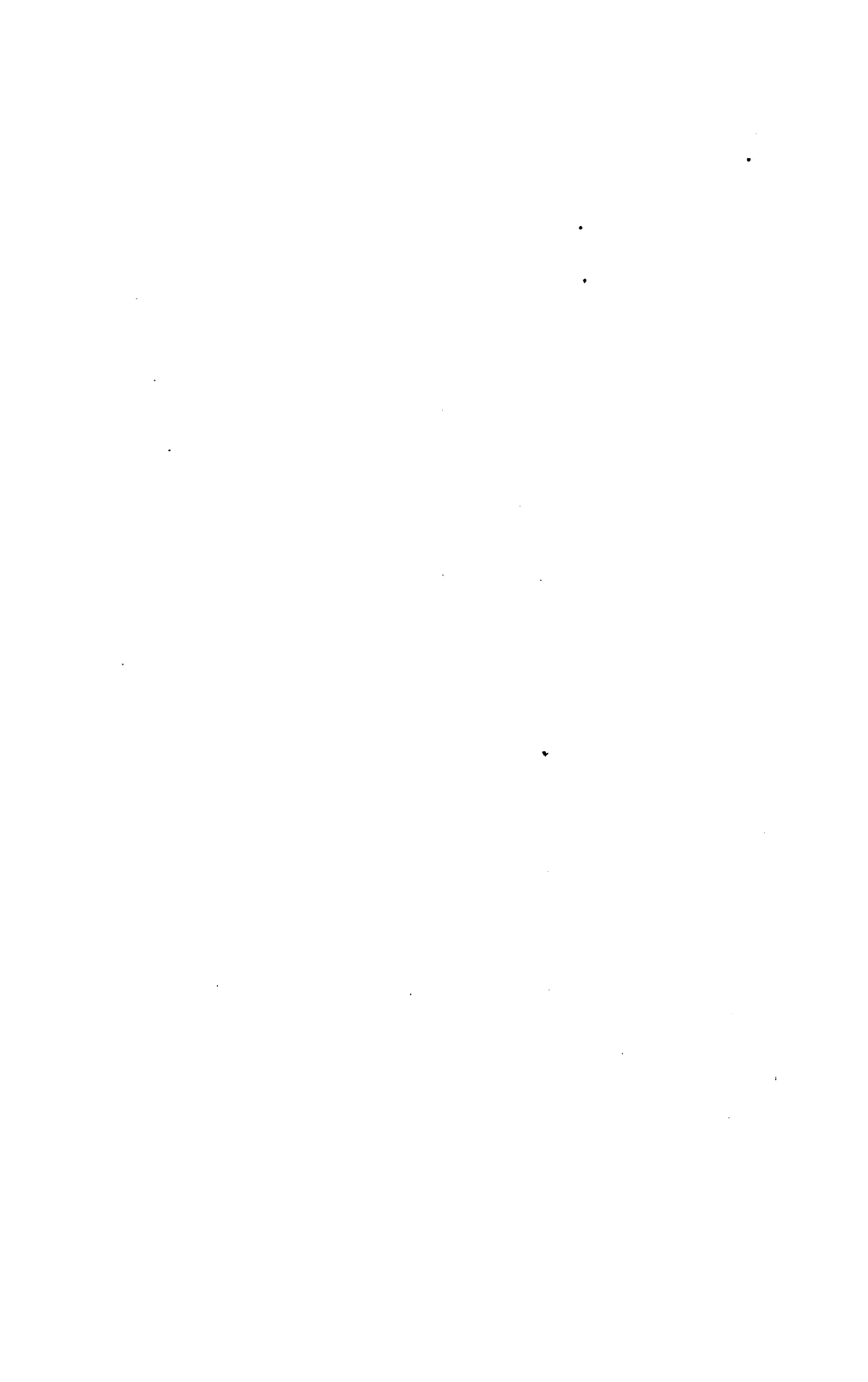


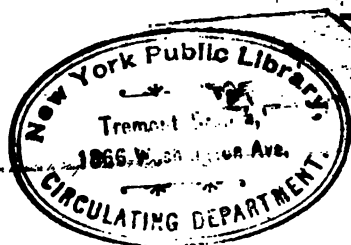


## RIFTS IN THE REEK









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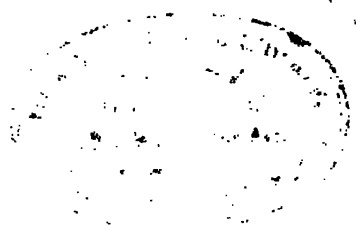
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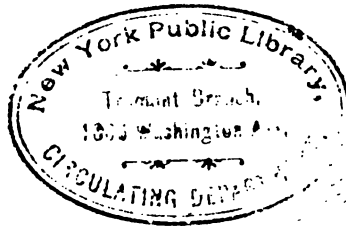


9/15/18

# RIFTS IN THE REEK

BY

JEANIE MORISON Campbell



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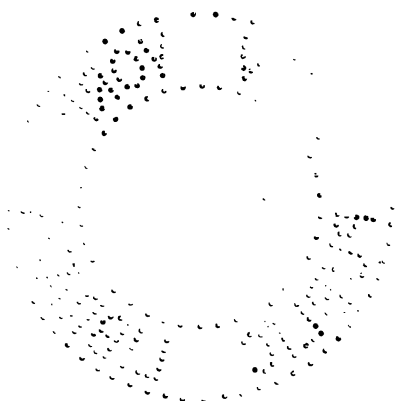
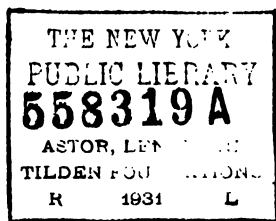
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TO THE MEMORY  
OF TWO  
HUGH MILLERS.

1931

SEP

W. C. C.





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“When that which is perfect is come, then that which  
is in part shall be done away.”

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## RIFTS IN THE REEK.



### PROLOGUE.

ONLY a block in the Building,  
Only one stone in a wall,  
To this hath it sunk, thine ambition,  
O Soul, that so fair had been all?

Only one 'mid the countless thousands  
Of which the great Architect rears,  
On our earth, His mighty Temple,  
Whose top shall reach the spheres.

Fain hadst thou stood out singly,  
In a glory all thine own,  
A Druid boulder o'er the waste,  
Majestic and alone,

With rough stone finger pointing  
From earth to Heaven away ;  
A dumb Voice for God 'mid the silence  
Of the moor's untrodden way ;

Thou hadst not feared 'mid the stillness  
To rear thy front alone,  
From earth and its wildering noises  
To the silence of God's throne ;

But to be but one stone block only  
Of myriads in a wall,  
Canst thou stoop thy proud aspirations,  
O Soul ! that so fain had been all ?

Yes, that is the task He sets thee,  
If thou wouldst have part in His fane,  
Ere the world was, whose foundations  
Were laid in a Lamb that was slain ;

His Temple whose towering summit  
Evanishes in the blue,  
Where the Lamb, its deep foundation,  
Is its God-crowned copestone too.

No solitary sentinel,  
No Druid stone o'er the waste,  
But one stone on others resting,  
In a slow growth that makes no haste.

One link in the long ascension  
From Chaos and Night alone,  
Of the golden chain that hath ending  
In the God-man on the throne.

Ah ! better than lonely glory  
To be poorest link of that chain,  
To be meanest block of that Building  
For aye that shall remain ;

More glorious than Nirvana  
Where Self and its claims hath cease,  
—The soldier merged in the army,  
The part in the Perfect's peace.—

## PROLOGUE.

Incorporate with the Author  
And Finisher of faith,  
Like His, thy living glory  
Hath its deep roots in Death.

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RIFT I.

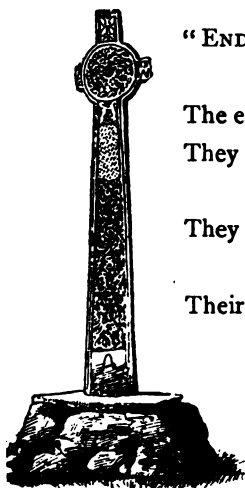
COLUM THE WHITE

A.D. 561-597





## COLUM THE WHITE.



“ ENDED the Battle ! On Cul-Dreimhne’s  
turf

The eagle and the vulture scent the blood ;  
They gather from the hills ; above the  
slain

They hover ; they swoop down on the  
dead ;

Their eyes glare ghastly in the moon ;  
they drink

From the red pools, their stream-  
ing beaks to heaven

They raise, God thanking !

Druids of Diarmaid made

A magic circle ; Finnian prayed ; but not

With thee, O Diarmaid, fought the Lord of Battles !

The Red Hand of O’Neill hath triumphed. On

The hill, I, Colum, spake with God.

What say'st

Thou, Scandal?"—"Of Diarmaid's dead three thousand

Lie cold, O Colum! on Cul-Dreimhne's turf."

"Three thousand bloody ghosts all unannealed,

By Colum hurl'd into eternity,

For lust of Thy dear Gospel, Christ, who died

For men!"

To Driumfhionn Finnian brought

From far-off southern land the priceless gem,

O Christ! of Thy dear words: I, Columchille,

With a barred door, by candle's flicker, writ

In the dim kirk, in watches of the night.

A spy sent Finnian; whereon the crane

That hops about the altar, spied his eye

Peering through cranny in the wall, and pecked

At it; back howling to his master ran

The cateran;—Finnian would have the book

Colum's right hand had writ, and Diarmaid gave

Judgement betwixt us: "To each cow her calf,

To every book its son-book."—Then in wrath,

I, Colum, roused the Red Hand of O'Neill.

Like a white mist, O Christ ! their sad manes rise !  
They hover o'er the red field of their death,  
As when at the sun's kiss the valleys smoke ;  
Their doleful arms they wave, warning from hence  
The Church's Dove, that changed to vulture slew !  
Hark to their woeful voices on the wind  
That sweeps, O Cul-Dreimhne, thy red-pooled turf !—  
“Never, O Colum ! more, Eiré thy home !”

So comes Thy call, O Christ ! that Colum craved  
In days of his hot youth, when first he knew  
Prayer's breath, like perfume shed upon the wind,  
Straight rises where God sits above the blue,  
And answer sure brings 'neath the White Dove's wing.  
“Foreign mould over me at last,” I prayed,  
The call Thy servants of the Thebaid deemed  
Greatest and last,—God's perfect servants so ;  
Yet aye shrank Colum's flesh from Colum's prayer !  
Strong, strong thy cords, O Eiré, and entwined  
Deep, deep in Colum's heart-strings, ne'er to be  
Dissundered save both brake !—Break now, O Christ !  
From these three thousand ghost-tongues comes Thy  
call :

“ Ended the Battle ! ”

“Halcyon and sea-gull, circling o’er the wave  
That laves thy pebbles, Glas-a-nionn-laid,  
—Last strand to bear the print of Colum’s foot  
On thee, his Eiré,—hover their Farewell !  
Farewell for ever ! for when first the cock  
Of Cill-shillach shall sing the coming dawn,  
(Would thy cock throatless were, O Cill-shillach !)  
Must Colum’s coracle spread its white wings,  
—Like thine, thou sea-mew skimming round his prow,  
Yet, O less happy ! for thy circles end  
Ever in thine own nest in Eiré’s cliffs,  
But Colum’s white wings may no circle trace,  
But a straight course across this bitter brine  
That evermore divides from Eiré’s shore,  
On Alba’s storm-beat rocks to plant Christ’s Cross.  
—Hark ! through the still dark of yet unborn Morn  
A far-off sound !—The cock of Cill-shillach !

Halcyon and sea-gull !”

“Ye winds and waves that Colum bear to Hy,  
—Green speck amid the blue, Ioua’s Isle,  
King Conall gifteth to King Conall’s King,  
Whereon for Columchille to raise His Sign,—  
May ye be all that Colum sees from Hy !

Now sinks the round sun ’neath the western wave  
Beyond which lies the Eiré of my heart ;  
So will I mount yon hill-top thence to scan  
The far horizon ; Christ ! may no faint haze,  
Cloud-like and dim above the waters, speak  
To Colum’s heart of Eiré, lest it break !

’Tis well ! nought save blue sea, blue sky, goldened  
At dip of sun ! So do I name this hill  
Carn-cul-ri-Erinn ; <sup>1</sup>—here begin new life,  
—All Colum’s Past behind the sunset hid  
And westering wave !

And first to plant His Sign,—  
A granite Cross within a granite Ring,  
(The Christ within the All in All of God) ;—  
So claiming for its Lord this little Hy,  
—This green rock-speck amid the watery waste

<sup>1</sup> Hill of the turning of the back on Ireland.

Of long blue billows cresting into foam,  
The sea's wild horses with white flowing manes ;—  
With His dear Symbol sanctifying Hy,  
God and Redeemer of the whole wide world,  
And of each rock lonely amid its seas.

Next, build in circle wide, rampart of earth  
With rude stones faced, to guard the holy ground  
Whereon of mud and wattles we may rear  
His House of Prayer ; its little bell-tower aye  
Pointing to Heaven, and with its iron tongue,  
—Struck duly morn and eve, and Sabbath-day,—  
Calling Hy's simple folk to worship Christ ;  
Near it our bothys,—twelve and one apart,—  
For Columchille and his companions twelve ;  
An Hospice for the strangers whom Christ loved ;  
A kitchen, and a dining-place for all.  
Without,—the byre, the barn, the mill, the dam,  
The quern and farm for daily common needs ;  
And on the shore, cobbles and boats to reach  
The world beyond the blue that circles Hy.

So shall we live on earth as though in Heaven ;  
Life simple, gentle, pure, peaceful, and blest ;

Self and its doleful Past forgot ; each day  
With healthful work and holy commune full,  
And study of His Word that giveth life ;  
And thus from souls with heavenly manna fed  
Teach Christ's poor flock in Hy, or at God's call  
Seek His far sheep scattered on Alba's hills.  
—No care for the poor body save the crust  
Of daily bread, and water from the spring ;  
The tunic white, and long white-hooded robe,  
And the thick shaggy cloak of undyed wool,  
Warder 'gainst storm and sea.

So Colum live,

So work, so pray, and so let Colum die !  
Ye winds and waves ! ”



The Cross within the Circle was in Hy.

And Colum and his twelve monks dwelt in Hy,  
And God dwelt in him, and he dwelt in God,  
So marvels were. Healing his prayers brought ;  
Before him sunk the surging waves to peace ;  
Savage beasts ceased their rage ; ill spirits fled ;  
The wild boar ravening from the wood fell dead  
Before his feet ; the monster of the deep,  
Roaring to seize its prey, to ocean's caves  
Slunk back as Colum signed upon the air  
Christ's blessèd Cross. The hidden sin within  
Men's hearts he saw and dragged it forth to day  
For God to cleanse. He saw the angels come  
To carry Home the blessèd dead to Christ ;  
He saw the demons fighting o'er the damned ;  
With angels spake he on Sithean Mor ;  
And in him dwelt the vision that foretells,  
For all the universe before his sight  
Lay open as within one ray of sun.  
In the broad day men saw a heavenly light  
Blaze round him ; and before the altar rest  
A ball of fire like comet o'er his brow.

Then died King Conall, (who gave Hy to Christ),  
And Aidan came that Columchille might bless,  
And lay his holy hands on him in Hy,  
And consecrate him King.

And Crosses rose,  
And many a moor and hill of Alba bare,  
'Mid purple ling and bracken, Colum's spire  
Pointing to Heaven ; and many a storm-girt isle  
Of the far main, 'mid waves' hoarse roar that surge  
Through rocky caves, and wild gulls' shriek, and cry  
Of kestrel, heard, afar off, clear and sweet  
His voice of praise.

Teaching and ruling thus ;  
Writing within his cell Christ's blessed words,  
Or praying lone in Desert of the Shore,  
Or by the sound of bell bidding his monks  
At midnight or at morn to agonise  
Within their wattle kirk with him in prayer.  
Humble, revered, beloved among his monks,  
So forty years Columchille dwelt in Hy.

Then Colum saw the angels for his soul ;  
And he was glad with more than mortal joy,

So longed he to depart and be at rest.  
But when the tidings spread in Hy, and o'er  
The mountains and the valleys he had trod,  
Each heart bowed down with woe, and from all lips  
Went up the breath of prayer. Then Colum grieved,  
Knowing such prayers prevail, and sad he saw  
The angel-host that came to bear him Home  
Their faces Heavenward turn, leaving him here ;  
For he was weary longing for Christ's face.

Four long years more he laboured, then God sent  
Once more the angels ; charging them to bring  
Swiftly His Colum home, ere men could pray.

Thus it befell.

Upon a day of June,  
When calm the sea lay like the Sea of Glass,  
And all the mountains slept beneath the blue ;  
Towards the evening ere the sun went down,  
Returned from his monks' bothies, Colum clomb  
Carn-cul-ri-Erinn, then lift up his hands  
And blessed his Hy, and said : " This place, though  
small,  
In no small honour yet shall it be held,

Not of the Scots alone but of all peoples.”  
Then to his hut he went and wrote upon  
His Psalter,—when the words were writ, “ They that  
The Lord seek shall not want any good thing.”  
“ Here at this page’s foot I stop, Baithen  
Shall finish it.”—And so to even prayer.  
This charge thereafter for his monks and Christ’s  
Poor flock they fed, gave he to Diarmaid ; “ These,  
Oh children, my last words, that ye do keep  
In charity unfeigned and mutual peace ;  
So will God help you, Strengtheners of the Good,  
And I, dwelling with Him, will pray for you ;  
So shall ye have of Him not that alone  
Which this life needs, but the eternal gifts  
Of good things that He keeps for them that do  
His will.”

Then on the pavement slab, nightly  
His couch, he laid him down, his head upon  
The stone that was his pillow, sleeping ’neath  
The wing of Death’s great Angel.

When the bell  
Rang for the midnight prayer, swift he arose  
And hasted to the kirk, there first, as aye  
His wont. Diarmaid, who running followed, saw


The unlighted kirk's dark windows blaze with light  
Unearthly, and the fishermen far out  
At sea beheld a column of strange fire  
That night stream 'twixt Ioua's kirk and Heaven.

As Diarmaid entered all the kirk was dark.  
When lights were kindled and the folk streamed in,  
All saw in his accustomed place Colum  
The White, before the altar, on his knees.  
—The bell ceased, and they waited for his voice  
To lead their prayers as ever was his wont,  
But Colum moved not : then drew Diarmaid nigh  
And knew the dreaded hour,—their Colum's soul  
Was winging its far flight.

Once wonderingly

He oped his blue-grey eyes, bright with strange light  
Of joy within them,—a hush fell on all,—  
They knew he saw the angels come to bear  
Him Home : feebly he looked round on the flock  
He loved, and strove to bless them :—mute his tongue,  
But, passing, with his uplifted right hand,  
Once more he made the dear sign of the Cross.

Then 'mid their sobs, in that dark hour of dule,



Colum the White dead in their midst, his flock  
Ended the prayers their Columchille began,  
Ere reverent they bare his sacred corse  
To the stone couch so long his nightly bed.  
—Three long bright days and three short nights of  
June  
They sang beside him.—In Reilig Ohdrain  
Within his Hy, then laid him to his rest.  
“Foreign mould over him at last.”

Few days

Thereafter Colum Crag and Mun met two  
Of Hy, “Is Colum well, Colum the White?”  
They asked.—With solemn joy answered the twain,  
“Aye, truly is he well, he is with Christ.”

The Cross within the Circle was in Hy.

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RIFT II.

MARGARET O' THE MAIDENS'  
KEEP

A.D. 1068-1093





## MARGARET O' THE MAIDENS' KEEP.

### FYTTE I.

THE nicht it was mirk, an' the wind it blew loud,  
An' their barque it was driftin' fairly ;  
The ladies they stood 'neath its tattered shroud,  
In the chill o' the mornin' early.

Oh, dowie I wat were their faces fair,  
Micht ane win the ither to see,  
For sic blast as blew through their link lang hair  
Nae lanthorn's licht micht dree !

"O Mary, Mother," the mother she said,  
"For aye a mother are ye,  
In pity look down frae yer throne owerhead  
On a mother's extremity !

Not haughty our hearts, sweet Mary mild,  
    Though come o' high degree ;  
Frae a throne 'tis he flees, my Ætheling child,  
    Like the King that was Son to thee :

His sisters fair for their gowden hair  
    Seek nor diadem nor gem ;  
The cloister pale, and the nun's black veil,  
    Bride-home and bride-garb for them.

Sweet Mother, frae where thou sittest on high  
    By thy Son on His throne of licht,  
Look down, look down through the mirk, mirk sky,  
    On our mirk, mirk sea this night,

That ravens and roars like a beast o' prey,  
    To feast on my sweet bairns three,  
And spare, by thy mother's agony,  
    And by His that died on the tree ! ”

The nicht it was mirk, and the wind it blew loud,  
    Their barque drifts but sail an' helm ;  
The skipper he stan's wi' the Saxon lords proud,  
    But waiting the wave that should whelm ;

An' some they are cursing like fiends o' hell,  
 An' some they are on their knees,  
 When a clear voice it fell like a heavenly spell,  
 'Mid the tumult o' win's and seas.

"Sweet Mary hath heard," said that voice like a bird  
 O' calm that broods ower the deep ;  
 The tattered sails droop, an' the blast's wild swoop  
 An' the tossing waves settle to sleep.

"See yonder ! See yonder !" sweet Margaret she cried,  
 "Our Bethlehem Star i' the west !"  
 An' through mirk o' the nicht the skipper espied  
 A gleam ower the wild waves' crest !

"'Tis a licht frae the shore," the skipper he cried,  
 "We drift in a land-locked bay !  
 Noo thanks to Our Lady aboon," he cried,  
 "An' our sweet lady here this day.

Noo whatsoever may be yon shore,  
 Whate'er this bay whar we grope,  
 Whar yon licht gleams out the mirk waters o'er  
 Sall aye be ca'ed 'Margaret's Hope !'"

## FYTTE II.

KING MALCOLM has come frae Northumbria's lan',  
 An' a wrathfu' man is he ;  
 The auld he has slain wi' his red right han',  
 The young hailed to slavery.

"Because Gospatrick, Northumbria's Thane,  
 My Cumbria did harry,  
 Not a son o' its Saxon folk sall remain  
 That the Norman Bastard let tarry."

Wi' his English captives in servile chains  
 He has come to his eyrie sae high,  
 Whar the Keep o' the Maidens looks doun ower the  
 plains,  
 Frae its wild rock that towers 'gainst the sky.

The King he looks out frae his casement pane,  
 Ower the Firth in the mornin' early,—  
 "This day shall be joy in Dumfermlaine,  
 For my captives there will I carry ;

An' never a cot amang the lave,  
 My troth, but it shall be merry,  
 Its gude-wife at ease wi' her Saxon slave  
 Wood to chop, an' water to carry !

Gospatrick may sit intil Bamburgh's Ha',  
 But ne'er a carl or carline  
 He'll hae to dight platter, or pit steed i' sta',  
 They're a' aff wi' me to Dumfermlaine !"

He looks frae his casement out ower the Forth,  
 Out ower i' the mornin' early,—  
 "What, ho ! Sir Warder, look out to the North,  
 What lies in yon bield sae buirdly ?

A battered hulk, wi' shrouds in shreds,  
 Yet the hulk o' a lordly wherry !  
 Noo hie ye down to the shore," he said,  
 "See what ship yon is lies at the ferry."

They cam' to the ferry, the Scottish lords a',  
Whar the Firth frae the sea grows narrow,  
An' the queenly Forth flaws twixt wa' an' wa'  
O' wooded knoll an' hollow ;

They hae boarded the ship that lies in the bay,  
The Scottish lords ane an' a',  
Their trusty steeds mounted an' hied them away,  
To the King or the gloamin' fa'.

“An' what did ye find, my Scottish lords a',  
An' what is't that lies at the ferry,  
That nae prisoners ye bring to the Maidens' Keep  
Ha',  
Nor yon proud Saxon hulk did ye harry ?”

“To the Keep o' the Maidens nae prisoners we  
bring,  
Nor yon proud Saxon hulk did we harry,  
For een ne'er hae seen sae goodly a thing  
As yon that lies at the ferry !

Nae galley sae proud, spite its tattered shroud,  
E'er hath sailed ower the Firth's blue waters ;

Then sae lordly in grace, maids sae winsome o' face,  
Can be nane but a King's sons an' daughters.

Though nae word can they speak o' our Celtic  
tongue,

Nor we their Saxon speech follow,  
A King's barge be sure 'tis that lies there among  
The woods by the ferry's hollow!

Ane maid aboon a' o' sae gracious a glee,  
Yet sae queenly her gowden head,  
Though a man fain wad dee but her red lips to pree,  
He maun fa' on his knees i'stead."

The King he has mounted his trusty steed,  
An' hied him down to the ferry;  
"Noo these be the Æthelings, in very deed,  
An' safe wi' me sall they tarry,

For his sake that took me, a stranger child,  
By the bloody Macbeth hunted sorely,  
To his board an' his cup, blessèd Edward mild,  
As aft times I've tauld ye the story;



—  
An' nane o' the saintly Edward's blood  
E'er to Malcolm a stranger sall be ;  
The half o' his cup an' the half o' his board  
Aye are theirs, as his were to me."

## FYTTE III.

“O MOTHER! My mother!” sweet Margaret, she  
cried,

Whar the Maidens' Keep looks ower the sea,

“Let your daughter, my mother, creep close to your  
side,

For the Scots' King comes woin' to me!

An' oh! it is not mine to give,

My mother, this hand o' mine,

For lang I am trysted His maid to live,

The blessèd Bridegroom Divine;

An' how can I put this lily hand,

That He looks I keep clean for Him,

In the red right hand that our English land

Bathes in blood and murder grim?

For Malcolm's rude kiss how change the bliss  
O' my Heavenly Bridegroom's breast?  
For his savage throne how renounce my own  
In the Kingdom o' the Blest?"

"My daughter! My pearl! Sweet Margaret mine!  
Little wist I to counsel thee,  
Yet thy Heavenly Bridegroom ne'er dread thou to  
tyne,  
Whatsoe'er thy earth's life lot may be!

As I knelt at my lattice at dawn this day,  
And the sun he rose ower the sea,  
I knew that a sign o' the Will Divine  
Ere he set should be sent to thee."

. . . . .

Oh, low, low he louted the Scottish knight,  
He louted him doun to the knee!  
"A tale for your ears hae I, ladies bright,  
Nane kens save ane ither an' me!

Oh, vilely I plotted again' my lord,  
Feigned vilely his friend for to be;

I drank o' his cup, an' I sat at his board,  
Frank an' kindly he smiled on me !

An' a' the while the assassin's knife  
I had hid 'neath my doublet rare,  
An' the deadly drop to ease him o' life  
In my chamber I did prepare !

Ae morn to the huntin' we a' were gane  
That abode in my master's Ha',  
An' wi' wha but me maun he ride alane  
O' his knights baith great an' sma' !

We rade on thorough the gude green wood  
Wi' the dew-drops sparklin' rarely,  
Till we cam' to a pleasant glade an' good ;  
The lave a' ahint us fairly.

"Noo halt we here, Sir Knight," he cried,  
"Noo halt we in this hollow,  
Whar nought by man may be espied  
Through the green woods this glade that swallow ;

Noo bide ye on palfrey or licht ye doun,  
Your lead will I surely follow,  
Wi' our ain twa hands an' help frae none,  
Show whilk's the best man in this hollow !

For death i' the cup is a wiffis' way,  
An' a knife i' the sleeve a thief's ;  
Noo choose ye yer weapon like true knight this day ✓  
Man to man dispute we your griefs !

Ne'er plot like a murderer me to slay,  
But han' to han' like a knight,  
Stan' up wi' me in this green glade the day,  
An' God defend the right !”

Oh, low, low I louted upon my knee,  
Kissed the dust at his feet as he spake !  
That he bore him sae knightly to unknightly me  
My heart in my bosom it brake !

In the dust I grovelled afore his feet,  
Tauld him a' my deadly sin,  
Swore his man to be wheresoe'er we should meet  
A' my life, but his pardon to win.

h, gracious he stoopet an' raised me up,  
An' gracious he set by his side,  
eat at his board an' to drink o' his cup,  
An' to nane spake o' what did betide.

le man kens the thing, save me an' the King,  
An' glad wad I gie limb an' life  
serve him but here whar his heart it hauds  
dear"—  
Quoth the Maid—"Bid him come for his wife."

## FYTTE IV.

THERE was wassail an' wine in Dumfermlaine's Ha',  
Gauds rich an' rare to be seen,  
An' Malcolm he sat 'mang his gentles a',  
By his side his young English Queen.

Oh, rich an' rare were the gauds she wore  
O' purple an' cramoisie,  
Scottish een ne'er hae seen the like afore,  
Frae lands far ower the sea.

Assiettes o' gowd they did not lack,  
Nor flagons o' gowd for the wine,  
An' aye there stood at the King his back,  
His guard, lest he honour should tyne ;

An' the gentles a' their kilts an' hose  
They maun be o' the tartan fine,  
To pleasure the een o' the English Rose  
That wi' Scotland's rough Thistle did twine,

The Queen she has een o' the winsome blue,  
Wi' pearls binds her gowden hair,  
An' witty her words an' wise an' true,  
Ilk guid knight's heart she hauds there.

The wassail an' wine it goes round an' round,  
An' late, late they rise them up,  
Quoth the Queen, "My lords, let our feast be  
crowned,  
Yet wi' ane more loving cup ;

Noo here's to the health o' that gallant knight,  
Low his state be or high this day,  
That ere frae the table he rises ilk nicht  
His knightly debt who doth pay

For the meat an' the drink an' the table spread,  
To Him who giveth all ;



The Queen drinks to him who his Ave hath said,  
‘Margaret’s Grace Cup’ men sall it call.”

The Queen an’ the King they rise in their place,  
A’ the guid knights the table round,  
An’ wi’ fu’ bickers quaff they Queen Margaret’s  
Grace,  
To ilk knight God to thank that is found.

. . . . .

Oh, merry rang the axe in the good green wood,  
An’ merry the pick in the quarry,  
Like a dream there rose where Dumfermlaine’s Ha’  
stood  
A fair fane to God an’ His glory.

Skilled workmen they cam’ frae across the sea  
To chisel the stone sae fine,  
An’ carvers in wood an’ ivory  
An’ gowd for St Mary’s shrine.

The Queen she wrought, ’mid her maidens all  
(O’ Scotland’s best blood were they),  
Altar-cloth, stole, cope an’ chasuble  
Decked with rarest broidery.

Oh, gleefu' they chatted her maidens a',  
 An' gleefu' it rang out their sang,  
 But never a word frae their red lips did fa'  
 To an angel choir had done wrang ;

For the Queen sae gracious, an' young, an' fair,  
 Wi' a glance o' sic winsome glee,  
 Bore a soul sae white, not the hardiest dare  
 Wi' one speck front its purity ;

An' aye she prayed for King Malcolm's soul,  
 As her Abbey it rose 'mid the wood,  
 Buttress an' arch, till a perfect whole  
 As a dream o' beauty it stood ;

She has won him by her winsome ways,  
 She has won him for Christ her King,  
 An' ne'er the least word that his Margaret says,  
 But her Canmore takes heed to that thing,

An' hundreds she gathers o' Christ His poor  
 Frae the country far an' wide,  
 An' to them they enter, an' shut to the door,  
 —The Queen wi' the King at her side,

An' on them they wait in Christ His name,  
—On ae side the Ha' the King,  
On its ither the Queen,—nor think it shame  
Food an' drink wi' their ain han's to bring.

An' aye as she rides in the King's highways  
The beggars about her thrang,  
To nane she says nay that for help do her pray,  
Ilk rights that hath a wrang ;

An' that nane be kept back by her queenly state  
She sits on a wayside stane,  
That a' may come near, be they sma' or great,  
Wha hae word for her ear alane.

An' aye in the forty days o' Lent  
An' the forty nights or Noël,  
Her bride-bed she quits or the hours be far spent  
For God's Kirk its cauld chancel.

An' there on her face, 'neath the Holy Rood,  
She prostrates herself in sorrow  
For the sins o' the past, prays the Shepherd Good  
For strength an' grace for the morrow.

. . . . .  
The King in his privy purse he has gold  
For the altar on Maundy Thursday,  
But alack an' alas ! when the coins are told  
Twa punds Scots are wanting fairly !

“Ha ! ha ! let us see !” quoth the King, in glee,  
“What thief 'tis that robs me sairly !  
For I hae a thocht to my mind while's been brocht,  
An' this job 'ill settle it rarely !”

He has gane inside his ain closet door,  
He has hidden ahint the arras !  
An' wha but the Queen comes by to his store  
O' gowd coins a' ready for High Mass !

The coffer she's oped wi' the King's ane key  
An' twa gowden guineas has sto'en,  
To gie her puir folk ; when what should she see  
But the King's laughing face front her own !

“I hae ye at last, ye wicked thief !  
I hae caught ye red-handed !” quoth he ;

"What plea hae ye noo to win ye relief  
 Frae the law's pains for robbin' o' me?"

An' blacker sin yet, ye infidel knave!  
 For sacrilege sure 'tis to borrow  
 My gowd for the Mass!—What say ye to save  
 Yer sawl frae that sin an' sorrow?"

The Queen she has blushet a rosy red,  
 An' she pouts an' she smiles thegither,  
 "My Lord the King, mind ye what words ye ~~sae~~ ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup>  
 When we stood at the altar wi' ither?"

Was't no that ye dowered me wi' a' yer gear,  
 Wi' the King's sell ane that day frae?  
 Then hoo am I thief? Thae gowd coins here  
 The King to his ain sell doth pay!

An' the like in the ither count, my plea,  
 Ane Christ's puir folk wi' their King,  
 Gin I tak frae His altar, Himsel' 'tis to gie,  
 Sae nae count again me can ye bring!"

. . . . .

In the Queen her oratoire sits the King,  
Wi' her missals an' psalters round him ;  
Oh, tender he turns ower ilk dainty thing,  
Though sair their letters confound him.

"Noo whilk o' them a' loes she best?" quoth he ;  
"To read them I hae nae skill,  
Yet ilk crooket word it is dear to me,  
Tells Margaret our dear Lord's will :

An' to ane an' a' for her dear sake,  
An' for His that died on the Tree,  
Malcolm Canmore this day his homage doth make,  
An' kisses them here on his knee.

Come hither, come hither, Sir Priest," he cries  
To Turgot, the Queen's confessor,  
"Show the King whilk o' these the Queen most doth  
prize.  
For its words o' comfort that bless her."

The priest he has waled, and intil the King's hand  
St John his Evangel hath laid it ;

“Noo send for a goldsmith, gie Malcolm’s command  
Wi’ gowd an’ wi’ pearl to braid it.

For the blest words o’ Him that died on the Rood  
A’ are pure gowd an’ pearls maist rare ;  
An’ for Malcolm’s ain Pearl nae pearl’s ower guid  
Wi’ her saintly white sawl to compare !”

## FYTTE V.

To the Council Ha' o' the Maidens' Keep  
They hae come frae Loch Leven's water,  
An' its Isle round whilk the blue waves sleep,  
Or dimple in sunlit laughter,

That Brude the son o' the Picts' last king  
To God an' His Keledai gifted,  
Auld Bricius the Head an' his monks in a ring,  
Their faith an' their rites to hae sifted.

The Queen she is there wi' her winsome grace,  
An' the King wi' his buirdly favour,  
An' Godwin frae England in Lanfranc's place,  
An' Turgot the Queen's confessor.



Fu' lowly she kneels the auld Bricius afore  
That has come frae his Hermit-cell,  
Prays his saintly blessing her whole life o'er  
Like brooding wings to dwell ;

Syne saftly she speaks in her Saxon speech  
That the King into Scots he doth render,  
As ane fain that wad learn frae ane that can teach,  
O' the auld monk sae reverent an' tender.

“ My Father, our blessèd Lord, nights and days,  
In the desert sae bleak and sterile  
Fu' forty fasted, 'mang wild beasts' ways,  
Read we not in His holy Evangile ?

Dear Father, gin He wi' His sinless soul,  
Bore fu' forty days that sorrow,  
Can we, His poor sinfu' servants, thole  
But thirty-six to borrow

Frae the meat an' the drink an' the table spread,  
As the wont is in Scotland this day ?  
And wherefore o' His blest Body the bread  
To eat should we say oursels nay

On the day He rose, His Easter Feast  
Wi' His whole Catholic Kirk for to share  
The joy o' His table as loving guest,  
An' tasté o' His heavenly fare?

An' on His weekly Holy day  
Should ony man burden bare,  
My Father, when He bids a' to stay  
Their wark for blessed prayer?"

Sic queries an' mair wi' her queenly grace  
She has set the Council afore ;  
Auld Bricius the Abbot he rose in his place,—  
'Neath the Monkish cowl he wore

The silver locks ower his broad brent breast  
An' his age-bowed shoulders streamed,  
As in monk's weeds he stood, amang Scotland's best,  
Wi' the een o' ane that dreamed.

"My gracious ladye," the auld man he said,  
"For thy gracious words thanks we gie,  
My twelve poor monks, and I their Head,  
Frae the Isle o' Loch Leven's sea.

Oh weel ye speak, my gracious Queen,  
An' weel can auld Bricius see  
The licht o' His blessèd Spirit's sheen  
That shines on the brow o' thee.

Sma' matter it is for four days more  
On gruten and druchtan to fare,  
Or the eggs an' lard o' the Easter store  
Its deer's flesh an' hog's flesh we share ;

Yet since Holy Columba Scottish wont hath it been  
Six weeks Lenten Fast but to keep ;—  
An' men do say, maist gracious Queen,  
Truth comes to auld Bricius in sleep.

An' this vision there came to his dreamin' een,  
As he sat by the silver shore  
On the lands o' Ballechristen, gien  
To God an' Saint Servan of yore ;

In Cill-Righmonaigh's<sup>1</sup> new great kirk he seemed,  
Lighted fair for the Easter Feast,

<sup>1</sup> St Andrews.

An' lo ! on its lectern he saw, as he dreamed,  
Frae his ain Psalter 'twas read the Priest,

An' near by it his auld missal lay,  
An' a voice the nicht wind seemed to send  
Through the lighted kirk, " Haud fast the auld way,  
The new beginneth the end."

Syne he stood in the cell whar he's lived an' prayed,  
On the Isle of Loch Leven's sea,  
An' lo ! wolf an' fox their nests there had made,  
An' their whelps held its tenancy ;

On the ledge o' the rock the wild fowl bred  
Whar he was wont to pray,  
An' the cells whar his twelve monks their missals had  
read  
But twelve heaps o' ruin lay.

Their Isle it lay waste, deserted o' all,  
Then a sough with the sad breeze did blend,  
" Haud fast by the auld ways," a voice seemed to  
call,  
" Wi' the new ways beginneth the end."

Better days may ye see, gracious Ladye fair,  
New ways may the auld ways excel,  
But auld Bricius' the last, he misdoubts him sair  
On Brude's Isle o' God's Keledai to dwell.

## FYTTE VI.

QUEEN MARGARET she lies in the Maidens' Keep,  
 An' a sair disease it hath caught her ;  
 The King he wad aff to the castled steep  
 That stands by the Alne's water.

"Noo bide ye, my lord, by my side this day,  
 For my sawl it forbodes disaster,  
 These een ne'er sall see ye that black hour frae  
 That ye ride Earl Robert after.

Oh, war ! 'tis a witless an' worthless game  
 Sae frae Christ His Evangile we borrow"—  
 "Yet a man's hand maun keep his head a' the same,  
 An' peace wi' dishonour is sorrow ;


When the crafty Norman my castle has ta'en,  
An' pit a' my men to the slaughter,  
Sall Malcolm sit still nor lift hand for his slain,  
That lie thick i' the Alne's cauld water?

Sall Malcolm forget Earl Siward's son,  
Strong Waldeof he lo'ed as a brither,  
William trapped through a wife, like mighty Samson,  
Kept in chains in his dungeon to wither?

Noo rest ye, gude dame," quoth the King his Grace,  
"Noo rest ye, my winsome marrow,  
For Malcolm maun ride Earl Robert to face,  
Yet hame will he ride on the morrow."

He has ridden away frae the Maidens' Keep,  
Left his Queen in her dule an' her sorrow,  
Wi' their twa braw sons, to the castled steep  
By the Alne,—Wae worth the morrow!

The King wi' his Scots an' his bonny sons twa  
They are camped roun' the steep by the water;  
Their bagpipes they blaw, their tartans wave braw,  
Earl Robert need crave nae quarter!



"But wha is yon frae the postern gate  
Slinkin' down by the Alne's water?  
He has keys in his han'! Bid the sentries wait  
Or they shoot—we can hang him after!

By the Queen's Black Rood 'tis Morel!" Malcolm  
cries,  
"Earl Robert's ain sister's son,  
He brings us the keys! Is't through Margaret's  
prayers pious  
That bloodless the castle is won?"

Frae his tent out he springs, a' guileless an' brave,  
Nor treachery dreams he to dread,—  
Ae thrust to his heart gies that fause-hearted knave,  
An' Margaret's brave Malcolm lies dead!

Then out in a swarm Earl Robert his men,  
Frae the castle gates come pouring down  
On the Scots a' dismayed an' bewildered then  
When has fa'en Scotland's pride an' crown.

Young Edward fell fighting aside his sire,  
An' a ring o' gude Scots Knights,



They lie round their King i' the bloody mire  
As they sat upon festal nights.

The Alne sweeps deep an' darkly doun,  
Wi' November floods swollen its water,  
An' mony a kindly Scot did it drown  
Driven there i' the darkening after.

Nor ane true Scot at the dawn o' day  
Was left their dead master to carry,  
When his corse twa Northumbrian lads did lay  
In a cart, by Tyne's mouth to bury.

Oh, wae for his Queen i' the Maidens' Keep  
That he left in her dule an' her sorrow !  
An' wae for the bairns that a faither maun weep,  
—Malcolm rides nae mair hame on the morrow !

## FYTTE VII.

THE Bishop in Cill-Righmonaigh's Tower,  
 He sits an' looks ower the sea :  
 "An' what man comes yonder the pebbly beach ower  
 In priestly livery ?

Weel seem I to ken that fair face o' his,  
 But where was't I saw it afore ?—  
 By Margaret's Black Rood, her young priest it is,  
 The saintly Queen's sent to my door !"

He has passed through the Bishop's palace door,  
 He has mounted the Bishop's stair,  
 An' he stands the holy Turgot before,  
 In his face a dark despair :

“O Father, dear Father!” he cries, an’ stops,  
Nae ither word can he say,  
For the tears like heavy thunder-drops  
Choke the speech that wad tell his wae.

“Oh, wae is me!” quoth the Bishop then,  
“For Scotland woe worth the day!  
For weel or ye speak yer message I ken,—  
Our saintly Queen’s won away!

Oh, sairly my heart foreboded ’twas true,  
That word or we parted she said,  
‘Ne’er here we meet more,’ for her deep sawl it knew  
Or lang frae earth’s bonds ’twad be fled.

Ower an’ ower she pled me to pray for her soul  
Through the dark when it winged its lone flight,  
An’ her bairns left ahint have in holy control  
For God an’ His Kingdom o’ light.

Oh sair, sair I wept as I bade her adieu,  
That her dear face nae mair should I see,  
For my deep heart it knew that her sawl it heard true  
God’s voice that spake privily.

**O**h, why was't no I that stood by her side,  
 When her gracious soul took its flight,  
**F**or weel do I wat Heaven's door it stood wide,  
 For that white-winged bird to alight !”

“ **O**wer true, ower true !” the young priest he cried,  
 “ My Father your heart it doth tell,  
**F**or unworthy I 'twas that stood by her side  
 When Saint Margaret to earth bade farewell.

**A**n' straight am I come frae the Maidens' Keep,  
 Her pure corse maks holy this day,  
**T**o the Father she lo'ed, how she gaed to sleep  
 An' the dule o' her last hours to say.

**O**h ! wae is me, 'tis but Friday this day,  
 An' 'twas but on the Friday past  
**I** stood by her side, heard her dear voice say  
 First words o' the wae that cam' fast !

**F**or as morn waxt to noon a deep darkness fell  
 Ower the licht o' her spirit serene ;  
**W**i' een fix't she sat, as ane under the spell  
 O' some horror by nane ither seen.

Lang, lang sat she silent an' white as death,  
Wi' thae terror-struck een o' amaze ;  
At last, in low sobs, as ane gasping for breath,  
The fatefu' words dropping, she says—

' It mayhap that this very day doth befall  
To our Scotland sic dule an' wae,  
As there hasna been through the lang ages a',—  
Nor anither word mair did she say.

An' that day there fell, whom her heart it lo'ed well,  
On the height by Alne's water,  
A Faither an' Son, whose tale men sall tell  
In Scotland wi' tears ever after !

An' four days thence she raise frae her bed  
In her chapel to hear Holy Mass,  
An' for the last time o' Christ's Body the bread  
Through her death-whitening lips did pass.

Then her throes they cam on her like pains o' hell,  
An' she laid her down to dee,  
An' bade us the Holy Psalter tell,  
Bid her sawl to Christ fervently.

An' sair, sair she pled for her ain Black Rood  
 That she brought frae far Hungary,  
 That in ivore an' gowd hauds the blessèd wood  
 O' Christ His agony.

Its kist o' aik it was ill to ope,  
 'Oh, hapless, guilty me!'  
 She cries, 'That God forbids the hope  
 To kiss His Son's blessèd Tree!'

And when that blessèd Rood at last  
 Her glazing eyes did see,  
 She strove to kiss it, though passing fast  
 In Death's extremity.

An' still as her body grew cauld in death  
 Her spirit staid rapt in prayer,  
 David's contrite psalm gasped wi' fainting breath,  
 In her hands the blessèd Rood bare.

An' as thus she lay at the point to yield  
 Her pure soul to God, there stood  
 In her chamber young Ethelred fresh frae the field  
 Of Alnwick, red wi' blood.

Ae moment life's flickerin' spark or it fled  
 Flamed up her young son for to greet,  
 'Hoo is't wi' yer faither an' brither?' she said.  
 'Weel,' the boy said,—nor daured her een m<sup>et</sup>.

'I know it, my boy, I know it,' she said;  
 'Weel—hoo could it be ither?  
 Yet by our ae blude an' this Rood,' she said,  
 'Tell me true o' yer faither an' brither.'

'Thy husband an' son they are lying slain,  
 Side by side on the height by Alne water.'  
 'Then thanks an' praise to the Lord again  
 For this news o' dule an' slaughter,

That comes at the end to break the last chain  
 To this mortal life that bound me,  
 Maybe this deep dule is to cleanse some stain,  
 Or Death its dark floods close round me.

Lord Jesu Christ, who by God His will  
 An' the Holy Ghaist His aid,  
 By thy death givest life to the hale world still,  
 Deliver me,'—she said.

MARGARET O' THE MAIDENS' KEEP. 61

An' at the word her blessèd soul  
The Lord Christ He did free"—  
Wi' bended head, "Her life," Turgot said,  
"May we live, her death may we dee!"




## FYTTE VIII.

OH, Donald Bane is a man o' might,  
An' a man o' craft is he,  
He has gathered his bare-legged caterans to fight,  
Frae the Isles o' the Western Sea.

Quoth he, " My brither King Malcolm doth sleep  
Fu' weel by the Alne's cauld waters,  
An' wha is there noo guards the Maidens' Keep  
Save a dead wife, her bairn sons an' daughters ? "

Sae frae Western Isles he has ca'd up his men,  
To Edwin's toun he has brought them,  
He has set them a' round its Castle wa's, then  
Thinks he, " Scotland's heirs I hae caught them ! "



MARGARET O' THE MAIDENS' KEEP. 63

Could an' calm Margaret lies i' the Maidens' Keep,  
Shrouded stately as fits a King's daughter,  
Nae war's hurly-burly can wake frae that sleep,  
Nae dread o' Donald Bane's slaughter !

"But, oh !" quoth young Ethelred, "Hoo may we win  
Our dear Mither's will for to follow,  
To lie the kirkyaird o' Dumfermlaine within ?  
To lay her elsewhere were a sorrow.

But Donald Bane's caterans are round the wa's a',  
The gates they hae guarded fairly,  
An' hoo we may win wi' her dear corse awa',  
By her ain kirk to lay, vexes sairly !"

The easterly haar it blows damp frae the sea,  
It blows damp in the mornin' early,  
Sae thick ye can see neither rock, wa', nor tree,  
The Keep o' the Maids it hides fairly.

"Oh, gin ye can win doun the rock's west face,  
Frae the wee postern yett," quoth her daughter,  
"Nae caterans keep guard ower yon break-neck place,  
An' the easter haar blows frae the water,

That nae e'e may see either rock, wa', or tree  
I' the mist the Maids' Keep that swallows ;  
Gin ye win doun the Rock, ye may aff by the sea  
To Dumfermlaine, or Donald Bane follows."

They hae wrappit her weel in her shroud o' silk,  
On their shoulders her light bier they carry,  
An' doun the steep rock, 'neath the easter haar's mirk,  
They spiel, nor a moment they tarry :

An' awa' to the Forth's side ; at " Margaret's Hope "  
Their boat it lies at the ferry,  
Then ower the dark waves o' the braid Firth's scope  
Their blessèd burden they carry.

An' thorough the woods round the Abbey's wa',  
She lang kent an' lo'ed sae dearly,  
Nor ever her gracious corse they lat fa',  
Till Dumfermlaine's kirkyaird they wan fairly.

They hae laid her aneath her ain kirk's shade,  
Whar Dumfermlaine's green woods hide her,  
An' her Malcolm they brocht frae whar he was laid,  
To sleep his lang sleep aside her.

. . . . .  
Quoth the Pope o' Rome, "'Tis a saint, she maun lie  
'Neath the Rood afore the High Altar."

To carry her there Monk an' Bishop they try,  
Wi' bell an' wi' buik,—yet they falter,

For ilk step they gang frae that kirkyaird grave,  
Her corse it waxes heavier,  
Till they stan' stock still ;—quoth ane to the lave,  
"Let us tak up the auld King wi' her."

Then licht grew her corse in their arms as they stood,  
Whan her Malcolm they bare him aside her,  
An' she sleeps her lang sleep where the Holy Rood  
In the shade o' Christ's Cross doth hide her.

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RIFT III.

“NAE OUTGAIT”

*A TRILOGY*



I.

A.D. 1572.

—Being the musings of my Lord the Secretaire, at his house in the Meal Market, and in his chamber within the Great Hall of the Castle of Edinburgh, when besieged there of the Lords; sent by his maist sorrowful relict Mistress Mary Maitland, umquhile Mary Fleming, to her auld playmate and maist worthy cousin, Mistress Mary Seton.

CAM Mister David Lindsay, Minister  
At Leith, here to us yesterday at e'en,  
From Mister Knox wha lies upon his bed,  
Sick unto death, within his house, hard by  
The Netherbow, with parting words to Grange;  
Warning and bidding, in the name of God,  
To leave this evil Cause, and render up  
The Castle; and gif not, then certainly  
Shall he be brought down ower its walls with shame,  
And hing against the sun;—so God assures



Him,—saith said Mister John. Somewhat movet  
Thereat, Kirkcaldy spake with me, wha bid  
Him send, by the said Mister David, word  
Again. “Go, tell ye Mister Knox he’s but  
A dryttinge prophet.” Whilk said David did,  
And cam this morn to bring us word again  
What Mister John said on receipt thereof.

In sooth, my heart goes out to the auld man,  
Upon his deid-bed by the Netherbow :  
A strong man was he ever, and a true,  
In a mad world where true men count as rare  
As phoenix of the fables ; yet austere  
He is, and when,—to my poor thinking,—lies  
Of other men do meet his strong desires,  
As credulous unto the falsest tongue  
As in his own soul true.—He slandered me  
Full sore, this last All Hallowtide within  
Sanct Giles’s Kirk, saying I plainly spake,  
Here in the Castle, that there neither is  
Nor Heaven nor Hell,—God but a nursery Bogle ;  
—Whereof never sic word I spake !

Not sic

My mother’s teaching, ’mang the Lammermuirs

In Lethington's auld Tower,—where rins the rain  
Through grinning goblins' mouths from aff its roof;  
And still they dwell,—the dear auld mother, worn  
Somewhat and pale, and marred with anxious lines  
Graved by these troublous years in the dear face  
Where aye for me yet shines a mother's smile:  
And the grand blind auld father by her side;  
—She, at her spinning-wheel in the Great Hall,  
He, sitting upright, with white flowing locks,  
In his big chair that he may feel the sun,  
Where the Hall's window looks on Lammerlaw;  
While sister Mary taketh from his lips,  
With patient care, in her fine hand of writ,  
Sonnets and verses,—in whose peaceful thoughts  
He dwells these latter days, nor mells with strife  
Of Kirk or Crown.

Better he might have kent,  
—Good Mister John,—the godly upbringing,  
Upright and simple, true to God and man,  
Of Lethington's auld Tower, where the grouse crow,  
And wild the moor-cock fly ower Lammermuir;  
For scarce a short mile aff the Gifford Gait,  
Where he was born and bred, and laddie doft

His bonnet blue to Lethington's young Laird ;  
—Its auld Laird now, langsyne a Judge and blind,—  
My father ; all,—Queen's men and King's men, priests  
And preachouris,—“ The good Sir Richard ” call.  
—Little dreamed Mister John, these by-gane days,  
This day sic-like a message he would send  
The auld Laird's son !—Yet sair, I wis, John's heart  
There on his deid-bed is for Grange and me :  
For Mister David saith, he answeret  
Unto my mocking words : “ For thae twa men  
That I have lovet dear, sair with my God,  
My soul hath travaillet these mony days ;  
—For ane, I am assured his soul shall live,  
But for the other nae assurance is  
That e'er it shall be weel.” Alack ! good John,  
E'en from thy deid-bed are they threatenings sore !  
Stern aye to speak the truth,—as seems to thee,—  
In gloomy forebodes, though thy heart it break !

Yet little wonder is, this devils' dance,  
Of these maist bloody Guises set asteer  
In Paris, maddens him to lift his voice,  
—Like him that in the desert cried lang syne,—  
In threatenings very sore. Ower true, alack !

The word that Lindsay in Sanct Andros spake,  
 "The reek of Maister Patrick Hamylton  
 Infecteth every ane it blows upon."  
 Gif our Queen's mother had taen tent thereto  
 And let the Preachouris alane, ither  
 Had been the tale of this poor realm, as weel  
 As of her ain maist luckless dochter !—Sooth,  
 Sair I misdoubt nae English perfidy  
 E'er struck a blow sae shrewd unto the heart  
 Of our Queen's desperate cause, as did this French  
 Orgy of devils in the Paris streets  
 On St Barthol'mew's Eve.

Mister Knox saith

It is an evil Cause, and gif we leave  
 It not will draw down God's just vengeance on  
 The heads of Grange and me ;—yet know we not  
 Full oft, good causes, through the evil men  
 That work in them, do grow of ill repute?—

Let me review, now on this Castle Rock,  
 Here hemmed in of the Lords, and kept in siege,  
 As idle I, perforce, sit through the days,  
 A helpless hulk, my messan on my lap,

—(That woman-like, poor foolish bitch, maun stick  
Aye to her master be't for weal or woe !)—  
And look across to Braid all green with Spring,  
And our auld Tower 'mang the wild Lammermuirs ;  
—Let me review, as at my mother's knee  
I knelt at sundown summer days lang syne,  
And tellt to her and God the day's exploits ;  
—Gin I had harried some poor cushat's nest,  
Or wet, wading in Leader, my new shoon !—  
Let me review as under her true een  
That aye in mine could read a lie or it  
Was spoke,—and afore Him whose een search hearts,  
The sad and troublous story of our days,  
And our poor realm's maist gracious luckless Queen,  
In England pent up now of wily Bess ;  
There or to languish out her weary days,  
Or by some swifter stroke to end them, best  
As may fit the envious purpose nurst  
In the fell heart of her great rival Queen !

—How yield the Castle to the Lords when weel  
We wot with it her last forlorn hope dies ?  
Sair I misdoubt no human skill may save,  
—Yet maun the Captain go down with his ship,—

And good her Cause, or evil,—as saith John,—  
 Baith Grange and I abide by it to death :  
 Ay and in After-death to dree our weird,  
 Gif sae be as John threips !<sup>1</sup>—But there I doubt !—  
 Not Mister John will be to deal with then,  
 But Ane whose een search deeper,—as I think.  
 Yet doubtless John speaks what is truth to him ;  
 —Stern truth that breaks the auld man's heart :—

nor yet

Wanting in show of reason :—Nae fool he,  
 Auld Mister John ! yet blinded,—as I think,—  
 By very greatness of his Cause. Sae great  
 It looms afore him as God's Cause were it  
 Alane and nocht beside ;—what hinders it,  
 Hurts God's ; and sae maun be persuit to  
 The death !—But wider to my thinking is  
 God's Cause, than "The Religion" as they name  
 Their ain ;—(though as I think theirs be a part  
 Of His—yet but a part ;) sae it may hap  
 Our Cause as weel is His, spite Mister John !  
 Seeing it is the Cause of this poor realm's  
 True lawful Queen, our gracious Mistress, eke<sup>2</sup>  
 Forbye, (as weel may be, she innocent,)

<sup>1</sup> Reiterates.

<sup>2</sup> Besides.

A woman sair maligned and persecute.  
“But she uphauds the Mass,” saith Mister John,  
“In her ain private chapel, warning given  
That wha shall be convict three times in that  
Idolatrie maun die the death, wherefore  
’Tis just the idolatress should die. Forbye,  
Being idolatress, the case is sure  
That she connivet with thae wicked wights  
That blew the King in air at Kirk o’ Field.”  
—(Seeing he saith of me, ’tis sure I haud  
God but a bogle of the nursery, else  
How had I troublet sae the Kirk of God  
Gif I believet ony God there were  
Sic wickedness to punish by hell won,  
Heaven tined ;<sup>1</sup>—like parity of reason hath  
He here :)—“Did she not move, the day afore,  
Her ain good bed and put an ill one there?  
From whilk the case is clear ;” quoth Mister John.  
“Be there not letters eke frae her ain hand  
Contriving with her paramour his death?  
Then the deed done, the murdered man scarce cauld,  
Or marryet on his bloody butcher ! What  
Mair can ye need ? The Jezebel maun die !

<sup>1</sup> Lost.

The Queen of England righteously doth hold  
 The murderess in bonds,—mair right should slay.”  
 —Sae Mister John and all his preachouris !  
 Yet bide a wee, good John, till we review  
 Ilk count o’ the Indictment ! In good sooth,  
 The Mass may be account idolatry,  
 —And all men ken that sae I never spared  
 To speak my conscience, uttering my mind  
 In controversy of religion, be’t  
 To Doctors of the Sorbonne or the Queen’s  
 Ain Grace ;—and muckle need hath our poor realm,  
 Be quit “ the Paip, that Pagan fu’ o’ pride,”  
 With all his Pardoners, that give remit  
 Of sins in auld sheepskins, and for a plack  
 Letters of cursing to damn all that look  
 Ower a man’s dyke, that better keep his corn  
 Than sleepy loon with a three shilling fee,  
 A sark and pair of new shoon ilka year !  
 And Friars that sell the reek of purgatory  
 For gold and lands !—Yet to my thinking that  
 Doth nowise prove that He that made the Feast  
 Doth will, that all, ower-rating of it sae  
 As worship in the simple bread and wine,  
 His ain maist blessed Body, should therefore



Be slain ! It seemeth me proof lacketh thee  
 Somewhat in this count o' the Indictment, John !  
 Sae much for proposition number one  
 In Logic of the Schoolmen ! " All who hear  
 Mass are Idolatries—Idolatries  
 Should die—The Queen hears Mass—The Queen  
           is an  
 Idolatress—The Queen should die." Meseems  
 A vicious middle, Mister John ! Scarcely  
 An axiom gif ye think on it ! Nor bears  
 Head-mark of His commission, as I think  
 Wha gives the Feast !

Let us then next discern,  
 And strive to separate 'twixt false and true,  
 In second count o' the Indictment, John !  
 Harder and shrewder in its issues this,  
 Since nane may say a murderer should live :  
 'Tis *proof* wants here,—that found, the rest is clear ;  
 —Though even then much were there of excuse,  
 To my poor thinking,—murder scarce a crime  
 Avenging murder,—lawless justice mair.  
 Yet grant ye that e'en murderers, poltroon  
 And dastardly as that misgotten boy,

Whose feeble head her favours turned outright  
Till nane might suffer his rank tyranny,  
And “how be rid of him?” was ilk man’s cry,  
Maun not be slain of private enterprise,  
—How just soe’er their death,—else justice cries  
“Life for a life.”

“Fain she were rid of him!”

How otherwise? In her ain person, she,  
Queen though she be, suffered of him the maist  
And warst indignities! Yet still her heart,  
Maist womanlike—aye did relent gif he,  
That sae mishandled, sorry were or sick;  
And when the Lords, with me for spokesman, spake  
Openly at Craigmillar of divorce,  
The Queen, of her good Grace, still threiped he  
might  
Repent,—she would to France—and leastways, nocht  
Maun be attempt, but sic as weel comports  
With her pure honour, woman’s baith and Queen’s!  
Not sic the manners to my thinking o’  
A woman sick-infatuate with love,  
And paramour to Bothwell!—the fell Earl  
Whose lawless lust ruined baith her and us.

Ance wed,—ower true she would not leave ~~him~~ <sup>in</sup>  
though,

—The night the Lords brought her to Edinburgh  
From Carberry,—I pled, gif she would quit  
Earl Bothwell she should yet have troth as true  
And loyal as ere she had since she was Queen  
Of Scotland :—But aye Mary Stuart did bear  
A spirit high and proud ;—abuse and wrong,  
Unto her purposes, or good or ill,  
But welded her the closer ;—hard to fright,  
Maist impotent to turn by force or threats !  
The Lords had outraged her,—first put their hands  
To help Earl Bothwell's boast he'd marry her,  
“Yea whether she herself would or would not ;”  
Syne, on pretence to free her frae the hauld  
Of that maist bloody jailer,—risen in arms,  
And when, at her ain will, at Carberry  
She rendered her, brought her irreverent here,  
And meanly lodget in the Provost's house  
In the High Street ; (where 'twas I spake with her,  
That self same day at e'en). The morrow's morn  
Affixet a white banner in her sight,  
Whereon was painted Henry lying dead  
Beside the root of a green growing tree,

And her young prince kneeling upon his knees,  
 Crying, his face and hands raised up to Heaven,  
 “Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord !” Whereat  
 She burst exceedingly in tears, praying  
 Unto the folk against those Lords, for Christ  
 His sake, to save her from their hands !—Less ill  
 Even the bitter Earl, doubtless she thocht,  
 Than sic fause-hearted knaves ! She would abide  
 By the bad oath, his force and their worse fraud,  
 Drew from her at God’s altar.—Wherefore ’twas,  
 (To my poor thinking), that the Queen refused  
 Bothwell to quit at bidding of the Lords.

With mine ain een saw I not the ill Bond  
 At Ainslie’s Tavern the Lords subscriyvt  
 That bade her take James Hepburn for husband ?  
 Was I not of her train on Saint Mark’s e’en  
 When Bothwell seized her rein at Almond Bridge,  
 And led, with her, his captive to Dunbar ?  
 Where I abode in peril of my life,  
 The doleful days when out-gait she fand nane  
 Save marrying her ravisher ? Did I  
 Not hear,—(she in a closet all alone  
 With the fell Earl,)—her voice that called aloud

To give her knife wherewith to kill herself,  
Sae the rude Borderer mishandled her?  
And did not she, of her ain queenly grace,  
Throw her royal self betwixt the Earl and me,  
When he and Huntly fain had slain me there  
Within the Queen's ain chamber; crying loud  
To Huntly, gif hair of my head were hurt  
He should be tint of lands and goods and life?  
Ne'er can ye make me think, good Mister John,  
Love 'twas that keepet her by Hepburn's side;  
For weel ken I what love is!—These same days  
Did not my heart sing in its prison-house  
Beside her at Dunbar, daily in risk  
Of life, only to know *my* Mary—mine  
At last,—was waiting with wet een to give  
Me welcome when an outgait I could find  
To win at her?—Nae outgait wad I *frae*!  
—Aye that was just what failet our poor Queen,  
As she herself did write to France, she “fand  
Nae outgait frae Earl Bothwell!”

Who can tell?

Mayhap an outgait had been found gif she  
Had waited!—but hasty royal blood runs in

Her veins, and when insult or wrong gars 't flush  
 Red to her brow, she tarries not, but strikes  
 On the swift instant,—though her ain hand maim  
 Her ain Cause maist! Sae 'twas when wily Bess  
 Trifled anent her marriage with the King.  
 Marry she would, or witless be 't or wise!  
 Yet not the foolish boy-face of my Lord  
 Of Darnley, but the English Queen 'twas, fired  
 Her blood! Ay, time had I to woo my Mary,  
 Quit of cares of State, for mony a day,  
 Because ne'er weel my will was to the match!  
 Alack! she fand my judgement ower right then;  
 And sair I misdoubt right she finds it now,  
 That I joined arms e'en with her foes the Lords,  
 To save her frae Earl Bothwell!

Nor will I

Uphauld that at the first James Hepburn she  
 Halely misliket! 'Twas a man fearless  
 And strong, gif reckless; ane that aye had stood  
 By the Queen's cause; 'gainst Davie's murderers first,  
 And syne against the misbegotten lad  
 That tried his foolish will at ruling her,  
 And her poor realm to boot! and gif his way

To rid her of the last she might suspect  
 Ower rough and ready, weel, to her might seem,  
 Zeal but outran discretion!—'Twas the fell  
 Earl's courting days forbye, and gif his suit  
 Were over vehement—a woman may  
 Forgive ower fierce a flame herself hath kindled!——  
 Not until wed, did the brute-beast beneath  
 The courtier's gloss break out in her fell lord.

“But what,” quoth Mister John, “of letters writ  
 Wi’ her ain hand and found by Morton’s knave  
 On George Dalgleish, the Earl Bothwell’s man,  
 Yon day of June, in Candlemaker Row?”  
 Ay, gif ye prove me, John, thae letters writ  
 In very deed by the Queen’s Grace ain hand,  
 Nae mair can man or angel ere alledge  
 She wist not of the deed of Kirk o’ Field.  
 But wherefore, will ye tell me, was that same  
 “Silver box owergilt with gold” fifteen months  
 Keepet of my Lord Morton or word said?  
 Nae tales tell dead men, John—and or word said,  
 Dalgleish had dreed his weird,—(as implicate  
 In murder o’ the King)—could speak nor aye  
 Nor no: nor in his deposition said,

—A man fronting his latter end,—he word  
 Of that same “silver box ower-gilt with gold.”  
 Nor was Sir James Balfour called to say  
 Gif he had gien Earl Bothwell’s silver box  
 To George Dalglish for Morton’s knave to find !  
 —“Yet were the letters writ wi’ her ain hand ;”  
 Threips Mister John.—Letters there were I grant  
 Ay and sae writ,—letters and sonnettis  
 And marriage bonds, a’ in that self same box !  
 But wha for fifteen months had handlin o’  
 The same ? Wha but my Lord of Morton, John ?  
 And good occasion had he,—when the Lords  
 Sacket her house of Holy Rood,—to lay  
 His villain hands on much of privity  
 Within the Queen’s ain chambers gif he would.  
 What gif that same silver casket ower-gilt,  
 Held at the first *death-bond* not *marriage* ? Bond,  
 —Not the Queen’s hand subscryvit but the Lords,  
 Wi’ their ain hands ;—ruling the King should die ?  
 “Bond turned to ashes” of the Lords since syne,  
 As Drury wrote to Cecil ?—The Queen’s hand  
 Of write doubtless was there, in letteris  
 And sonnettis,—but nane subscrivit as  
 They threip, no nor addrest, nor yet halely



Sae writ ;—sic French ne'er learnet she in France,  
As doth bewray parts o' thae letteris  
Be nane o' hers :—and wedded the ill French  
Is aye wi' the ill meaning,—the good French  
In sense simple and innocent ! And why  
Showed they her not the letters as she craved,  
Gif all were fair and straight?—Wherefore might not  
Cecil nor Drury see?—Elizabeth,  
(Though nane ower-warm her love as all men ken,)  
E'en hauds thae letters for a forgery !  
—Our lady Queen pit pen to paper in  
Sic letters as that writ, as the Lords threip,  
Frae Glasgow? Liefer I'd believe 'twas writ  
Wi' auld Nick's ain horn hoof !—and in good sooth,  
Deil's work it is we hae here !—Where's that writ  
Signed of the Queen, they vilely showed at York,  
Wherein she bade the Lords subscribe the bond  
That she should marry Bothwell?—Showed at York,  
With nane save Norfolk, Sussex, Sadler there ;  
—At Westminster they daured not, lest their fraud  
Should sit in eye of day ! When my Lord Moray,  
—Shaming himself afore all honest men,—  
Swearing he never would consent, consented  
To lay the so-called letteris afore

The English peers, ne'er was sic warrant showed,  
 —Nor could be,—since ne'er sic the Queen ere writ!  
 What share in the base business Moray held,  
 Halely I wot not ;—yet let be ! since syne  
 Moray hath stood afore another Judge  
 To render up his record ; sae let be !  
 Ay, and or lang the Secretaire maun stand  
 Likewise at that tribunal with his count ;  
 (Sae this sickness grows, that “ Mitchell Wylie's  
 Sair feet ” full soon will land him in his grave :)  
 —And there anent, good Mister John hath nae  
 Assurance ere it shall be weel !—Ay John,  
 Yet mayhap thine assurance matters not  
 Sae muckle as ye think afore that Judge !  
 —Yet is the auld man gentler at the heart  
 Than his stern words—and very pitiful  
 Of Grange and me ! Sae go thy way in peace,  
 Auld John, and since thyself maun stand  
 First, (as it seems,) at that great Judgement-seat,  
 The Judge look pitiful on thee that day,  
 As thou on Grange and me,—nor turn deaf ear  
 Unto thy pleas as thou unto thy Queen's !  
 —Gif she have faults, (as weel myself doth ken,)  
 What mortal is, hath none ? Gif crimes, mayhap,

(Though that I mair misdoubt,) be justly laid  
Unto her door, that Judge when her day comes  
Meseems, will bear Him gentlier than thou,  
Good Mister John—remembering Him o'  
The tender brows of the six-days lass-bairn  
That bode<sup>1</sup> to wear our prickly thistle-crown,  
And baby-hand kings fought for in its cradle :  
The Guises' court in merry France about  
Her pliant years ; smooth Cardinal Uncles,  
Soft-voiced nuns that won her maiden heart  
For Rome,—their ane true Church, all else accurst  
And damned,—and bowed her soul's young reverence  
About with glamour of the gorgeous rites,  
Slow swinging incense censors, and soft sounds  
That change the dim kirk aisles to gates of Heaven,  
In the auld faith.—How might she thole, sae trained,  
Wild nobles, homespun dight in webs their ain  
Sheep grew on their ain heather hills, and spun  
On their ain wheels by the right noble hands  
Of their ain wives and daughters, winter eens  
In chimney nooks of their ain auld peel Towers ?  
—Rough-spoken wights that even the sweet grace  
Of her fair face withheld not frae fierce looks,

<sup>1</sup> Must.

—**N**ay in her very sight frae blows and blood !  
**S**tern preachouris, (all things misliking them,)  
**I**n Sanct Giles' Kirk railing at what they ca'd  
**"T**arjetting of her tails"—Good Mister John  
**D**ieving<sup>1</sup> her wondering ears with "Trumpet blasts  
**A**gainst the Monstrous Regiment of Women,"  
**A**nd wha's maist civil word was, gif she wad  
**M**ind weel his bidding, as content were he  
**T**o live beneath her Grace as Paul 'neath Nero !

—Alack ! alack ! what outgait had she *ere*  
**T**he dauntless ill-starred lass, with her fair face  
**A**nd queenly gracious ways?—What wisest wit  
**A**nd truest heart had proved sufficient for  
**S**ic need? What outgait ere, since a lass-bairn  
**S**he lay in her Linlithgow cradle while  
**H**er heart-broke sire, turning his dying face  
**T**o Falkland Palace wall, with last breath gasped,  
**"W**i' lass it came, and wi' a lass will go."  
—Outgait was nane,—a' her life through, frae mair  
**T**han fell Earl Bothwell ! Ay, what outgait now  
**F**rae wily England? Nane, her Secretaire,  
—Aye true to her though aft misdoubted,—sees :

<sup>1</sup> Deafening.

Nae outgait back to her ain Kingdom here,  
Only a red road into Kingdom Come !

Ay, will we haud her Maiden Castle, John,  
Auld Grange and I, (ay, and this foolish fond,  
Poor woman-hearted messan on my knee !—)  
Her red flag still afloat on David's Tower  
Here sit I,—helpless hulk,—good Mister John,  
With her Cause, good or ill, to stand or fa',  
Weel be't for us or ill, or here or Hence.  
—Ilk Captain maun abide by his ain ship !

---

Sae muckle was subscrivit with his hand,  
Good Mistress Seton. Syne the cannon came  
—Shippet frae Berwick at fause England's word ;—  
(Auld Mister John had gane to his account  
Or that befell :)—and or the first May moon  
Had reached the full, were stellit<sup>1</sup> round the walls ;  
Great Royal Cannon, muckle culverins,  
Pott-pieces full two score, in the Kirk-yard

<sup>1</sup> Planted.



O' the Grey Friars, and by Saint Cuthbert's Kirk,  
 And Mr Thornton's Lodging, the West Port,  
 Ay and full far afield 'yont the Nor' Loch.  
 (Never the Lords had taen the Castle but <sup>1</sup>  
 Wily England's aid !—God help our Lamb  
 That 'neath her cruel claw's mercy lieth yet !)  
 —Nigh on a month mair floated the red flag  
 On David's Tower,—but syne the bonny spring  
 Of rinning water 'yont the Castle wall  
 Was cuttet aff ;—the well inside choket  
 With ruins ;—and for thirst they bode to yield.

Ye wot the rest, good Mistress Seton,—How,  
 With auld Kirkcaldy, my dear Lord was brought  
 Doun frae the Castle through the rabble rout,  
 (Mad that their houses in the siege were spoiled,)  
 That jeered and jibbed,—and of fause England gien  
 Ower to the Regent,—their maist wicked foe.

At four hours of the afternoon, auld Grange  
 They hanget ower the Castle wall :—men threip  
 His face turned round to hing against the sun  
 As Mister John Knox had foresaid,—truly,

<sup>1</sup> Without.

I wot not, aye or no.—The Secretaire,  
My ain dear Lord, doubtless had likewise fared,  
But for the auld disease of his sair feet,  
That spared the bloody wark ;—and scarce could I  
Win decent hiding for his blessèd banes,  
—Sic kindness hath the Regent for living  
Or dead !—till for the very shame England  
Gart bury him !—My dear Lord is with God,  
Where Morton cannot harm nor England sell.  
—Hers be His pity, yet in their ill power,  
Our mournful maist sweet Queen, of England pent !

## II.

NOVEMBER 1572 A.D.

Within his house in the Canongate hard by the Netherbow.

JOHN KNOX, servant of Jesus Christ, with my  
 Dead hand but a glad heart, awearie o'  
 The world, and looking daily to resolve  
 My earthly tabernacle ; heart'ly I  
 Salute and so of all the Faithful take  
 My leave, desiring earnestly the help  
 Of their good prayers, that thus without any  
 Noteworthy slander to the Evangile  
 Of Jesus Christ I now may end my battle ;  
 For as the world of me is weary, so  
 Am I of it ; yea I have taken my  
 Good-night of it ; and so commit all things  
 To God.

Yet ne'ertheless to me it seems



A thing the most unreasonable, that  
In this my auld decrepit age I be  
Compelled to fight shadows and howlets that  
Dare not abide the light ;—an auld man  
That scarce goes, hulie and fear,<sup>1</sup> frae Sanct Giles' Kirk  
To his ain door hard by the Netherbow ;  
About his neck furring of martricks, staff  
In the ane hand and holding up the other  
Oxter good godly Richart Ballenden !

Yet one thing in the end there is I may  
Not pretermit, that is to give to him  
A lie within his throat, who either dare  
Or will say that ever I sought support  
Against my native Country. Albeit  
That this unthankful age wits not, what I  
Have been unto my Country, ages yet  
To come shall witness to the truth.

I grant,

And mind not to deny, that I have prayed  
God to oppone His power unto the pride  
Of that most wicked woman, murderess  
Of her own husband ; one who hath whoredom

<sup>1</sup> Slowly and cautiously.

Committed and most vile adulteries,  
 The mother of all mischief in this realm.  
 Yet railing none may prove against me, till  
 Isay, Eseckial, Jeremy, and Saint Paul  
 They first compel recant, of whom I learned  
 Boldly to call wickedness by its name,  
 “ A fig a fig, a spade a spade.” I fear  
 Isay his threatening, “ Woe unto them  
 That call light darkness, and the darkness light ;  
 Good evil, and the evil good.”

Let them

It imprecation call as pleaseth them,  
 Or execration, I praise God He hath  
 Offer than once, stricken and shall strike, in  
 Despite of man, defend her who so list.

Yet one thing rests to me most bitter, ay,  
 Most fearful, (if their accusation so  
 Prove my accusers,) to wit, that I claim  
 Entrance into God's secret counsel, as  
 Thereunto I were called, (on whom may God  
 Have mercy for their rash ungodly judgement,)  
 How fearful is my conscience, and aye so  
 Hath been, the bounds of my vocation to

Exceed, they had not so accused me had  
They known. Well know I God's secrets pertain  
To Him alone, but things His Law reveals,  
To us and to our children. What I spake  
Gainst that most wicked woman's murder, pride,  
Adultery and idolatry, I spake,  
Not as one in God's secret counsel, but  
As one, of His great mercy, called to preach  
According to His blessèd will revealed  
In His most holy Word. Oft'er than once  
Have I pronounced the threatenings of His Law  
'Gainst all of counsel, knowledge or consent  
To shed innocent blood, that death they meet  
Not,—so the Plague be stayed from this poor realm,  
(Which never shall be while that she and they  
Remain unpunishèd).

Likewise wherein

I am accused of intromedding things  
Profane and civil with the Word of God,  
I answer, when by written truth of God  
They show reproof of vice a thing profane  
And civil, (which till morn after Doomsday  
Will not be,) then as God's Word commands me,  
So shall I do.

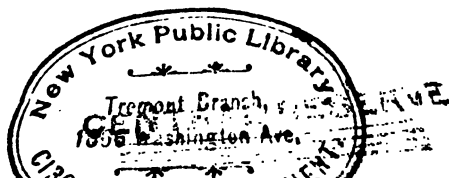
Their railing I deny,  
 Their sovereign I know not ; let God's will  
 Be done in me ; so have I laid my compt !  
 —And thus require I all that aught have to  
 Oppone against me, plainly to do it,  
 As I myself and all my doings make  
 Open to all the world.

My Brethren call  
 For me, that God of His great mercy may  
 Be pleased to put an end to this my long  
 And painful battle ; unfit now to fight  
 As He sometime gave strength, I thirst an end ;  
 To be released from this body of sin,  
 Assured to rise in glory.—Yet  
 Let my desire be moderate of Thy  
 Good Spirit Lord !

My sun goes down in darkness. This poor  
 realm

A ship without a rudder in the midst  
 Of storms ; a flock without a pastor ! Let  
 Thy Providence watch and defend us, Lord,  
 Thir dangerous days, that so the world may see,  
 As well without the help of man as with

G



It, Thou art able to defend and rule  
The little flock depending upon Thee.

Oh Lord, what we shall add we know not ! In  
Our miseries extreme we called, and Thou  
In multitude of Thy great mercies heard,  
And first delivered us from tyranny  
Of strangers merciless, next from the bonds  
Of vile idolatry, last from the yoke  
Of that most wicked woman ; in her place  
Appointing for her young son's infancy,  
A Regent with such grace endued, even  
The Devil can in nought justly accuse,  
Excepting in this only that in him  
A foolish pity did too far prevail  
Concerning punishment and execution  
Which Thou commandedst to be made on her  
And her accomplices.

What misery, Lord,  
Found he within this realm, and to what rest  
And quietness brought !—Thine image did in him  
So clearly shine, the Devil, nor ill men,  
(To whom he is the Prince,) could not abide  
It, so to punish us who did not right

Esteem so great a gift, to our great grief,  
 Thou hast permitted him to fall by hands  
 Of cruel and treatorous murdérers. Ay, e'en  
 While he lay cauld within Holyrood House,  
 (Or we with dolorous and heavy hearts  
 Within Sanct Giles's Kirk had laid his dear  
 And murdered corps,) the Devil (he of lies  
 The father,) found a penman meet for him,  
 Who feigned that he in conferring owerheard,  
 (He hid within a bed,) Lindsay, John Wood,  
 The Laird of Pitterow, Master MacGill,  
 The Tutor of Moncur and me, the crown  
 Offer to Moray, who to underlie  
 Its burden gave consent ; whilk conference  
 Ne'er was !—and so its ill contriver shall  
 Die in a strange land, but a friend nearby,  
 To hold his head up ;—so am I assured.

He is at rest, O Lord ! and we are left  
 In misery extreme.—Thirsting an end,  
 For all pleasures and friendships of this world  
 I care not now.

Yet all a long day I  
 Desired to send yet once to warn yon man

Within the Castle whom so dearly I  
Have loved, and bid him, in the name of God  
To leave that evil Cause and render up  
The Castle, and gif not he shall be brought  
Down ower the walls of it with shame, and hing  
Against the sun ;—so God assures me. Yet  
(Of his great God, the Secretaire doubtless  
Advised,) his mocking answer was, “ Go tell  
Ye Mister Knox he’s but a drytting prophet.”  
—Anent these twa men earnest with my God  
Have I been,—for the one, sorry I am  
That so it shall befall, yet for his soul,  
Of mercy God assures me, nae warrant  
Have I for the other e’er it shall  
Be weel.

Not so, langsyne, when Maitland sat  
With Dun in James Syme’s house, from these poor lips  
To drink Christ’s blest Evangile, unto all  
Seeming, (despise the wilful wit that aye  
Loved fence and parry), vessel full of grace,  
Whose dexterous tongue brought safely through  
matters  
Of moment gladly trusted him, and won

England's help for The Congregation ! Not  
 Thus, when in Sanct Andros' Sea-tower I  
 Read in Saint John's Evangile with my bairns,  
 (Langniddry's boys and Arniston's), and he,  
 (The man now in the Castle), and the rest  
 Taen in the godly fact of that sworn foe  
 Of Jesus Christ, and bloody butcher called  
 Archbishop Beaton's slaughter, sat with us.  
 And so did God help His weak soldier that  
 Not only all they in the Castle but  
 Many without, did openly profess  
 At the Lord's Table those things that he taught.

Within the Castle was the Pest : without  
 French Galayes twenty-one upon the sea,  
 Yet though they shot two days and dang the sclattes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of houses, neither slew they man nor hurt  
 The walls : so nothing Santa Barbara,  
 (Their gunner's goddess,) helped them, for rowers,  
 (Men to the galayes chained,) many they lost,  
 And soldiers likewise. Yet when they within  
 The Castle bragged of this their victory,  
 And thickness of their walls, aye was this said

<sup>1</sup> Broke the slates.



John Knox of other judgement, for he said,  
They saw not what he saw,—their corrupt life  
Could not escape the punishment of God.  
“England will rescue us,” they vaunted, but  
Said John, “Ye shall not see them, but shall be  
Carried to a strange land,”—as it befell.

Much am I minded now in this my auld  
Decrepit age to look back and rehearse  
How at the very first, in this poor realm  
Of Scotland, the light of Christ's Evangile  
Hath been made manifest, after that whole  
And horrible defection from the Truth  
Through snares of the false Roman Antichrist :  
How mercifully God looked on this realm,  
Therein retaining some spunk of His light  
Even in the time of its most deepest dark ;  
With what mine eyes have seen of that same war  
Which God commanded Israel against  
The Canaanites, wherein contract of peace  
There never can be made while virtue is  
Contemned, and vice extolled ; Idolatries,  
And idle bellies, bloody tyrants called  
Bishops maintained ; and Christ's true messengers

Be persecute and slain. Whilk righteous war,  
Nor God nor Nature, nor just Law forbid.  
—"Beware of the false prophets, by their fruits  
Shall ye know them."—Yea true it is that works  
Make us nor good nor ill, yet aye good tree  
Good fruit doth bear, and ill tree evil fruit.

But to our history. Of homely folk,  
(As commonly God useth for to call  
The simple sort His summons till express),  
On the Earle Bothwell's lands at Gifford Gate,  
By Haddington, opened my een first on  
This troublous world. Father, Grandsire, Goodsher,<sup>1</sup>  
All served my Lord's forebears,<sup>2</sup> and of mine own  
Some died beneath their standards, wherefore I  
A good mind bore unto their House as fits  
Our Scottish kindness, and gif he, umquhile  
Our Jesabel Mistress who foully wed,  
Otherly<sup>3</sup> had in godliness abode  
He had had command of me as boldly  
As of any; but as women and gold  
From the beginning have corrupted all  
Worldly and fleshly men, so did they him.

<sup>1</sup> Mother's father.

<sup>2</sup> Ancestors.

<sup>3</sup> Otherwise.

My mother was a Sinclair, (whilk surname,  
In times of trouble I myself have writ ;)  
A woman wise and godly, keeping aye  
Thir darksome days, yet some spunk of God's light  
Alive within her heart. Devout was she,  
(Though in the gloaming of her soul there shined  
Only through windows painted of the Pope  
God's truth). Sabbaths and Saints' days aye to Mass  
In the Franciscan's great Kirk called the Lamp  
Of Lothian, she led my brother Will  
And me, and aye at bedtime when we sought  
Her and our father's blessing, laid her hand,  
Hard with house-labour, softly on our heads,  
And prayed "Christ and His mother in the fear  
Of God to keep her callants ;" and since I  
Was quick at the Dame's school, at the Grace Book,  
The Prymer, and Plane Donat, (as they said,)  
I must have "perfyt Latin," and be Priest,  
Halely God's servant, so.

Yet nowise blind  
Was she ; weel I remember how a fire  
Would lighten in her een, and the hot blood  
Redden her cheek when men spake liberally  
Of greediness of priests and friars, who bode

To have the korps-cloth and the dead man's cow,  
Though bairns and widow went but claithes and  
meat.

Or gossip's tale how that a prelate, (ane  
Of Bothwell's house,) a merry bourd,<sup>1</sup> one night  
At supper told, asking his gentlemen  
Whilk truest served the King of Love, and when  
They each had spoke, himself truest declared  
By a round dozen,—seven of them men's wives;—  
Or Friar William Arth bade honest men  
That loved their wives and daughters haud them frae  
The Chapels of our Ladye of Karsgrange,  
For gif they knew the miracles there kythed<sup>2</sup>  
Neither God nor our Ladye would they thank!

Yet must I wear God's livery and be Priest :  
So from the Dame's to Burgh School I went,  
And four good pennies Scots my father paid  
Termly, that I might win, (from early morn  
To even's gloaming toiling ower my books,)  
Logic and "perfyte Latin." To Glasgow  
Next, one Crispin's Day, with thirteen more  
For Major's Dialectic and some Greek.

<sup>1</sup> Tale.

<sup>2</sup> Hatched.

What need rehearse the after days of dark,  
That to my shame and sorrow I abode,  
Tutor and Priest at Samuelston ; ay, ane  
Of that most bloody butcher's regiment  
James Beaton Bishop of Sanct Andros, though  
Mine ears had heard and my heart quaked to  
hear

His spite, when the bright beams of the true light,  
Whilk God had of His grace planted within  
The heart of Maister Patrick Hamilton,  
First publicly burst forth.

Weel mind I how

My mother's face waxed pale, when the ill news  
By a Black Friar was brought to Gifford Gate,  
(Ane Alexander Seyton, who for fear  
Departed afterward from this poor realm,)  
How in Sanct Andros, (lamb among the wolves,)  
God's innocent servant he saw stand bound  
In midst of coals and timber for a fire,  
(Whilk fire was slow and so his torment more,)  
And how ane, Campbell, a Black Friar cried,  
"Convert, call on our Lady, heretic!"  
Whom he appealed to the Tribunal Seat  
Of Jesus Christ : (whilk Friar as ane despaired

And in a phrensy, did this life depart,  
 Few days thereafter.) Likewise how he gave  
 His long-time chamber-child his gown, his coit,  
 Bonnet and sic-like garments, saying, "These  
 In the fire will not profit, thee they may :  
 For after this of me thou canst nothing  
 Receive save the example of my death,  
 The whilk, albeit bitter to the flesh,  
 Yet is it entrance to eternal life."  
 —And so after long sufferance got he  
 The victory.

Yet when those cruel wolves  
 Had clean devoured their prey, (as they supposed,)  
 They found themselves in worse case than before !  
 For none in the whole realm but who began  
 To ask why Maister Patrick Hamilton  
 Was brunt. God likewise of His grace reserved  
 A little treatise by this Patrick made,  
 (Whilk if ye list call "Patrick's Places,") where  
 Ye have the pith of all Divinity.  
 And so within short space many began  
 To call in doubt that which before they held  
 For sure, and smell somewhat the verity ;

And when these cruel beasts again conferred  
Of other sic-like murders in this realm,  
John Lindsay then, (a merry gentleman  
Familiar to the Bishop, standing by,)  
Quoth he, "My Lord, gif ye will burn any mo  
Let them be brunt in cellars, for the reek  
Of Maister Patrick Hammylton infects  
As many as it blew upon."

Yet I

Brooding abode long time in Samuelston,  
Teaching my bairns, and to my endless shame  
In that most vile idolatry the Mass  
Doing mine office in the chapel there;  
Ane of these bloody butchers' regiment  
Of darkness.

Yet, in silence of mine house  
Ower Jerome's words, and holy Augustine's,  
(With lurid glitter of the fires lit up,  
Aye and anon, in whilk these cruel wolves  
Baith men and women caused to be devoured,  
Wha dared oppone God's light to their Kingdom  
Of Darkness,) some spunk of God's truth kindled  
Within my heart, yet ne'er burst forth in flame,  
Until Maister George Wishart,—that great saint

Of God,—for some short season lodged within  
 Hugh Douglas’ house in Langniddry, (wherein  
 I, teaching his bairns, abode,) whose face was  
 Unto me God’s blessèd torch of truth  
 That kindled all, and banishèd for aye  
 The Pope’s kingdom of darkness frae my soul.

Aye had I waited on him carefully  
 Since he was come to Lothian, and that  
 Last night in Haddington, before he passed  
 To sermon, (where the auditure was small,  
 The Earl Bothwell, by the Cardinal’s  
 Procurement inhibiting baith town  
 And country,) he sent for said John entering  
 In purpose that he wearied of the world,  
 For he perceived that men began of God  
 To weary ; and departing, took good night  
 Of all his friends as ’t were forever ; I,  
 The said John, pressing to have gone with him,  
 He answered, “ Nay, return unto your bairns  
 And may God bless you, one is sufficient  
 For one sacrifice.” So from the said John  
 He caused be taen the sword twa-handed whilk  
 With the said Maister George used to be borne,



Who obeyed, (albeit sadly,) and so  
With Hew Douglas returned to Langniddry.

Upon that self-same night, passed Maister George,  
(The frost being vehement,) to Ormiston  
On foot ; and supper done, he comfortable  
Purpose held of God's own children's death.  
Then after singing of Psalm fifty-first  
In Scottish metre, to his chamber passed,  
Saying "God grant quiet rest." Or midnight came  
The Earle Bothwell, and calling for the Laird  
Told him 'twas vain to make him hold his house,  
For Cardinal and Governor with all  
Their power were coming, but gif he to him  
Would render Maister George he should be safe,  
And it should pass power o' the Cardinal  
To do him skaith.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless when gold  
Largely the Cardinal gave, the Queen Regent  
Promise of favours in my Lord's love suits,  
Gif he would render up said Maister George  
In Edinburgh Castle to be kept,  
Though at the first, by reason of his word  
He some resistance made, not long, a man

<sup>1</sup> Harm.

Effeminate withstands a gracious Queen !  
 So was God's servant taen to Edinburgh,  
 Where he abode not many days, that wof  
 The Cardinal so travailing that or long  
 Within the Sea-tower of Sanct Andros he  
 God's blessèd martyr gat into his power.

There, on first day of March, the fire was made,  
 And gallows at the Castle's western part  
 Near to the Priory, (the ordinance bent  
 Right 'gainst the place, lest Maister George should of  
 His friends be rescued.) Then sat the Hangman  
 Down on his knees and said, "I pray you, Sir,  
 Forgive me, for not I am guilty of  
 Your death." "Come hither to me," then said he,  
 And kissed his cheek. "Lo, here a token is  
 That I forgive you ; my heart, do thine office."  
 And so was hanged and then to powder brent ;  
 So that the people who beheld the great  
 Tormenting of that Innocent might not  
 Withhold from piteous mourning of the slaughter  
 Of that Lamb ; and in plain speech men began  
 To damn and to detest the cruelty used,  
 And openly at table to avow

The blood of Maister George should be avenged  
 Among whom, chiefly John Leslie spared not  
 To say "This same whinger," (showing his dirk,)  
 "Shall be Priest to the Cardinal." Who yet  
 Thought himself for all Scotland stout yneuch  
 In his new Block-house!—(And the truth to write=  
 Most part of the Nobility had given  
 Their band of manrent or else promises  
 Of amity with him !) He only feared  
 Them into whose hands God delivered him ;  
 And for them he had laid so secretly  
 His nets, he deemed their feet could not escape.  
 Yet all did fail !

Early on Saturday,  
 Of May the twenty-ninth, (ane had espied,  
 By privy postern shortly to depart  
 From him, his mistress Marion Ogilvie,)  
 Came said John Leslie, Normound, Leslie's son,  
 The young Kirkcaldy, Peter Carmichael  
 (A stout gentleman,) James Melvin likewise,  
 An old familiar friend to Maister George,  
 And finding the draw-brig let down and yetts<sup>1</sup>  
 Open for lime and stones, (his Babylon

<sup>1</sup> Gates.

Was almost finished,) frae the porter rived  
 The keys and cast him in the foss; then Grange,  
 (Fearing the fox should have escaped,) took guard  
 O' the Privy Postern. The Cardinal,  
 Hearing the shouts, gat his twa-handed sword,  
 And garte his chamber-child cast kists<sup>2</sup> before  
 His door, but when they laid a chimney-full  
 Of burning coal unto it, then they oped.  
 The Cardinal, sitting him in a chair,  
 "I am a Priest, I am a Priest," he cried,  
 "Ye will not slay me." Then said John Leslie,  
 As he had vowed, first struck him once or twice,  
 Thereafter Peter; but James Melvin, (one  
 Of nature most gentle and modest,) said,  
 Withdrawing them, "Though it be secret, yet  
 This work of God and judgement ought to be  
 With greater gravity;"—then showing him  
 His sword's point, "Repent thee thy wicked life,  
 Especially the shedding of the blood  
 Of Maister George Wishart, which albeit  
 The flame of fire consumed, yet vengeance cries  
 Upon thee, and we here are sent from God  
 It to avenge. For here before my God

<sup>1</sup> Tore.

<sup>2</sup> Boxes.

Do I protest that neither hatred of  
 Thy person, love of thy riches, nor fear  
 Of any trouble thou to me couldst do,  
 Move me to strike thee, but only because  
 Thou hast been and remain'st an enemy  
 Against Christ Jesus and His Evangile."  
 And so with a stout sword he struck him through.  
 And thus he fell ; never a word heard but,  
 "I am a Priest, I am a Priest, fy, fy,  
 All's gone !" And so, (since May waxed hot,) ~~they~~  
 gave

Him salt yneuch, a cope of lead, and neuk  
 In bottom of the Sea-tower, to await  
 What exequies his brethren Bishops would  
 Prepare. For dolorous unto the priests,  
 The Governor, and chiefly to the Queen,  
 The death of the aforesaid tyrant was ;  
 Who bode revenge his death ; therefore besieged  
 The Castle of Sanct Andros where were hid  
 They who of his slaughter had compassèd  
 The godly fact ; where to them shortly came  
 This said John Knox (with him Langniddry's bairns  
 And Ormeston's,) and so his lot was cast ;  
 For reading daily in the chapel there

Saint John's Evangile with his bairns, anon,  
 They of the place—but 'specially these two,  
 To wit Henry Balnaves and John Rough  
 Preacher, perceiving of his doctrine, would  
 He should upon him take the preaching place,  
 Which utterly did he refuse and said,  
 “Where God had called him not he would not run,”  
 Whereupon they privily 'mongst themselves,  
 Concluded publicly to give a charge  
 To the said John, through their said Preacher's  
 mouth,  
 Which did the said John Rough, charging in name  
 Of God and Christ His Son, that he refuse  
 Not this vocation, as he tendered,  
 God's glory, increase of Christ His Kingdom,  
 And comfort of the Brethren ; whereat John  
 Abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears,  
 And got him to his chamber. From that day  
 His countenance sufficiently declared  
 The grief and trouble of his heart, for none  
 Saw any sign of mirth in him, nor yet  
 Pleasure in company of any man,  
 Until the day necessity caused him  
 Express his mind in public preaching-place,

In answer to that rotten Papist, Dean  
John Annan,—and so after that got rest.

On July penult was the Castle taen  
Of Leon Strozzi, Capua's Prior,  
Of the French Galayes Captain, (promise made  
Of safe transport to all within the same ;)  
—Then was there singing of this triumph song,  
“ Priestis content you now, Priestis content you now,  
For Normound and his company has filled the  
Galayes fou.”

Whilk then passed up the waters of the Seine,  
And lay before Rowane, whence we who looked  
For freedom traitorously were scatterèd ;  
Some into diverse prisons and some more,  
(Of whom was this said John,) sentenced to row  
Chained at the Galaye's oar. (For that the Pope  
Had writ thanking the Governor and King  
Of France right heartily for taking pains  
T' avenge his most kind creature, Cardinal  
Of Scotland, and praying they of the Castle  
Be sharply handled.) Wherefore nineteen months  
I, the said John, rowed in the Galayes.—God  
Doth know the sobs of my poor heart !

The winter through at Nantes in Brittany  
 We lay ; Threatened with torments gif we would  
 Not reverence pay unto the Messe, yet not  
 The poorest of that company thereto  
 Consented ; yea, when on the Saturday  
 At night they sang their “Salve Regina,”  
 The whole Scotsmen put on their hats and hoods ;  
 And after once, they were not pressed to kiss  
 The painted board which they call “Nostre Dame,”  
 For thus the chance : Just we had come to Nance,  
 Their great Salve was sung and glorious  
 Gay painted Lady to be kissed was brought ;  
 Then one, (a Scotsman,) there chained, gently  
     said,  
 “Trouble me not, such idol is accursed,  
 I will not touch it ;” then said they, “Thou shalt  
 Handle it,” so thrust it into his face,  
 Who seeing the extremity, took it  
 Advisedly, and in the river cast,  
 Saying, “Let now our Lady save herself,  
 She’s light yneuch, then let her learn to swim ;”  
 So after that no Scottishman was urged  
 To that idolatry.

In Scotland there



Was nought but mirth that summer, for all went  
At pleasure of the priests, yet not for long ;  
For first the English came, and fought at Pinkie ;  
(Of Scottish men there lay ten thousand slain  
'Twixt Edinburgh and Dalkeith ;) syne came  
The French ships, (flying our Scottish Lion  
How soon so ever they took the plain seas,  
And so to France accounted rebels, since  
Peace stood 'twixt France and England,—no falset ~~—~~ =!  
Such policy 'twixt princes !). Then was held  
A Parliament of the whole realm within  
Haddington Abbey, anent, in chief,  
The marriage of our Princess, (spite contract  
To young King Edward,) with the King of France ~~—~~ e.  
Some were with bribes corrupted, some deceived  
By flattering promises, and some by fear  
Compelled were to consent. The governor  
Got Order of the Cockill and Duchy  
Of Chattellerault, so he stood content  
To sell his Sovereign forth of his own hands,  
Which will be his destruction at the end.  
Huntly, Ergyle, and Angus likewise were  
Made of the Cockill Knights, and shortly none  
Resisted that unjust demand.—So was

She sold to France that in her youth she should  
 Drink of that liquor that remains with her  
 Her life-time, for a plague to all this realm  
 And to her own destruction.

But to return.

In the same gallaye with the said John Knox  
 Was Mister John Balfour who oft-times would  
 Ask of his judgement if he thought e'er they  
 Should be delivered, whose answer aye was,  
 "God would deliver them from that bondage  
 Even in this life." And when the second time  
 The Galayes came to Scotland, lying 'twixt  
 Sanct Andros and Dundee, and the said John  
 So sick that few hoped for his life, he willed  
 Him look gif he might know the land, who said  
 "Yes, weel I know it, for I here can see  
 The steeple of that place where first God oped  
 My mouth in public to His glory; yea  
 And weel assured I am, how weak soe'er  
 I now appear that I shall not depart  
 This life till that my tongue shall glorify  
 His godly name in the same place." As was,  
 Of the said Mister James, reputed years

Before that ever the said John again  
Set foot in Scotland.

Meantime Kirkcaldy,  
(The man now in the Castle,) Carmichael  
And the Leslies, held in Mont Sanct Michael,  
Of the said John asked counsel gif they might  
Break prison with safe conscience, whilk said John  
Gif without blood of any spilt, affirmed.  
And so on the King's Eve,—when Frenchmen use  
Liberally to drink,—by a boy's help  
They gat the keys, and binding those within,  
Steeked all the doors upon them, and so went ;  
Harm done to no man. As poor mariners  
In beggars' garments travelling many weeks,  
At length they got a French ship and so came  
To England, where they found before them this  
Said John, who likewise that same winter was  
Set free, God's time for the deliverance  
Of His poor servant being come.

Henceforth  
The Kirk and this poor Realm knoweth right well  
My course of life, for ne'er have I, for fear  
Of men or favour, stinted so to speak  
As God gave me commandment. At Berwick,

**New**castle then, and London and the South,  
**Until** the dolourous death of that young Prince  
**Most** virtuous and godly, whose wisdom  
**And** gravity all expectation passed,  
**And** yet exceeded he not sixteen years ;  
**Whose** death all godly within Europe mourned.  
**Satan** intending nothing less than that  
**The** light of Jesus Christ be quite put out  
**In** this whole Isle of Britain,—after him,  
**In** God's hot anger, in England arose  
**Mischievous** Mary of the Spaniards' blood,  
**Cruel** persecutrix of God's people there ;  
**And** in Scotland that crafty practiser  
**Called** Mary of Lorraine, Queen-Regent named  
**Of** Scotland.—Wherefore passed the said John Knox  
**Unto** Geneva and to Frankfort thence,  
**(At** call of God's most notable servant  
**John** Calvin,) to the congregation there,  
**Thence** to Dieppe, and so to Scotland back.

**There** on first day of Januar by past,  
**Up** on all gates and ports of Friars here  
**Within** this realm, was fixed "The Beggars' Warning,"  
**Whilk**, "in the name of all the Blind, Bedrelles,

Widows, Orphins, and Poor who might not work,  
 Demanded from the flocks of all the Friars  
 Restitution or next Whitsunday's Feast  
 For wrongs bypast, and swift removal forth  
 Their Hospitals, wrongously held by them,  
 Though for the Poor, (whilk they are not,) biggit  
 And dottit,<sup>1</sup> and gif not, them to eject  
 Utterly forth the same, at that said Term."

And so began that war, wherein this realm  
 Well knows how manifold my labours for  
 Christ and His Evangile, fighting against  
 That Idol of the Mass; (more fearful was  
 That one Mass unto me, permitted to  
 Our Queen in her ain private chapel, than  
 Gif armèd enemies ten thousand were  
 Here landed to suppress the whole religion!  
 "Conscience, Conscience," they cried, "a sore thi  
 'tis

The Conscience to constrain," to whilk I said,  
 "Her liberty should be their thraldom or  
 'Twas long;" (as well of late their malice hath  
 Been shown by that cruel murderer the King

<sup>1</sup> Built and gifted.

Of France, none from whose loins proceeding shall  
 Enjoy his throne in peace). Likewise against  
 These idle bellies, Black Friars and Gray ;  
 And those most bloody butchers, Bishops called ;  
 And for maintaining God's true Messengers,  
 And Preachers of His Word ; right ordering  
 Of His poor Kirk ; and godly upbringing  
 In learning of its bairns within the schools ;  
 This realm well knows, nor may I here and now  
 Recount the same. Only I thank my God,  
 By my poor means, some spunk of His true Light,  
 (How dimmed soe'er,) doth shine in this poor realm,  
 And more shall shine, though these een see it not.

An auld decrepit man I thirst an end.  
 Long time since hath my God taen Marjory Bowes,  
 My first dear bedfellow, and that honest  
 Poor gentlewoman, my good friend, her mother.  
 The dear fruits of her bosom, our two sons,  
 With this my younger yoke-fellow and these  
 Our little lasses, leave I to His care,  
 With you good friends who gather these last days,  
 Here in my house hard by the Netherbow,  
 Since that last Sunday when in Sanct Giles' Kirk

To Lawson I rendered mine office up,  
And, (having told the Rising of our Lord,)  
Crept down the High Street on good Richart's arm,  
All my poor flock following to my door.

Go wife, bid pierce for us a cask of wine ;  
—Send for it oft, good friends, while it shall last,  
For never will I tarry till 't be drunk.  
On earth is no stability save the Kirk  
Of Jesus Christ, aye fighting 'neath His Cross,  
To whose mighty protection heart'ly I  
Commit you.

And so Lord Jesus I commend  
My troubled spirit into Thy defence,  
Thy troubled Kirk unto Thy mercy.—Now  
Wife, go read where first I cast mine anchor.

## III.

At Fotheringay.—*February 8, 1587 A.D.*

"MAYHAP," I said, that night of fog I sat  
Till dawn upon my galley's deck to catch  
At day's first streak, one farewell glimpse of France,  
(Whence, even as I sailed, a ship with all  
Its crew, before our eyes, and close to port  
Went down ;),—"Mayhap that casualty," (by hands  
Of England's Queen to die), "were better than  
To live, yet in this God's good will be done."  
And now it is God's will sae best for me.

Last night I had but doffed my mantle when  
Cometh the Lord Beale to my chamber door  
Desiring speech with me, whereon, donning  
The same, I bade them open ; thereupon



Saluting with most dolesome face he said,  
“Madame, I would some other one than I  
Had brought such evil tidings on the part  
Of England’s Queen, yet as her servant must  
I needs obey, and sae admonish you  
To hold you ready on the morrow at  
The tenth hour of the morning to endure  
Sentence of death on you pronounced some time  
Agone.”

I praise and thank my God that sae  
It pleaseth Him to put an end by this  
To all the miseries that they have caused  
Me to endure this nineteen years, e’en to  
This present time ;—a prisoner evilly  
Entreated of this Queen, my sister ;—ne’er,  
As God is my chief witness, having done  
Aught hurtful to her. Now I go to give  
Into His hands my spirit ; innocent  
And pure, and conscience-clear before His  
Majesty divine of all the crimes  
Whereof she causèd me to be accused ;  
And I shall carry now this innocence  
Boldly before His face who is the sole  
Judge of my actions.

There when I present  
 Myself openly will I make me known ;  
 Sae better far for me than to live on  
 In this same martyrdom wherein sae lang  
 To languish they have made me without hope ;  
 (Knowing the evil nature of this Queen,  
 Her mortal hate and constant cruelty  
 To me,) who now to please her councillors  
 And other of my ancient foes doth will  
 My ruin and my death ; which patiently  
 I shall be seen to suffer, that I may  
 Reign,—if it sae please God,—perpetually,  
 Delivered from their persecutions in  
 A happier resting-place than I have had  
 The best part of my days.—Since she is bent  
 Upon such rigour, let God’s will be done !

My Father, my Creator and my God,  
 And Jesus Christ, His only Son, my Lord  
 And my Redeemer, hope of all who live,  
 And all who die in Thee, since Thou ordain’st  
 That sae my soul be separated from  
 This mortal body, very humbly I,  
 Of Thy goodness and mercy supplicate,

In this extremity not to forsake,  
But that I may be covered with Thy grace,  
Giving me pardon for all negligence  
And faults against Thy holy ordinance,  
Even as I with a good heart forgive  
All those who have offended and condemned  
Me wickedly to this cruel death.

Yet hold

I it for certain that the just judgements  
Of God will follow this Queen, my sister,  
Sae strictly and sae close that all her life  
Her conscience, and after her death, God, will  
Accuse her of my innocence, in which  
My spirit fearlessly I render to  
His hands.

Permit me, my God, that without  
Offence to Thee, and in few words I tell  
All those before whom I shall render up  
My soul to Thee, and all my Realm, yea all  
Of Christendom the protestation that  
I make ; which is that never have I willed,  
Concerted or conspired or given aid  
Nor counsel in any conspiracy  
Of death ; though often I have sought escape,

By aid of friends, Catholics of this realm  
 And elsewhere, from these prisons, by sic means,  
 Without offence against Thy Majesty  
 Divine, as guiltless I could sanction ; yea  
 In this place I beseech Thee, that if I  
 Other intent have had, my soul may be  
 Deprived participation in Thy grace  
 And mercy, and the fruits which she expects  
 And hopes from the maist precious passion of  
 Our Lord thy dearest son ; sae, innocent  
 Of all sic treachery, my other faults  
 Do I remit to Thy justice divine ;  
 By invocation to the glorious  
 Virgin, and all the saints and angels, with  
 All Blessèd now in Paradise, that they  
 Will now be pleased to intercede for me  
 That sae I may partake and reign with them  
 In the celestial glory evermore.

My poor damsels and friends, it grieveth me  
 Sae little to requite you wherewithal  
 Have I, according to my will, the good  
 And faithful services that every one  
 Of you have rendered to me in my need.

Yet one thing rests to do, to add a clause  
Unto my will bidding my son the King  
Of Scotland make to every one of you  
Worthy contentment after I am dead.  
And you, my desolated servants, give  
Not up yourselves unto despair, but think  
On all points of that patience which was shown  
In the dear death and passion of our Lord,  
For our example ; whom I rest upon  
As the foundation sole of my salvation.  
—And watch and pray to God continually  
With me.

Now I beseech you, good my friends,  
Not to forsake me, but be near to me  
At my death-hour ; and have a care of this  
Poor body, and if sae be that ye may,  
Lay it in holy earth. Committing you  
Sae to our blessèd Lord, I bid fareweel.

And now the woeful present, and the near  
And bloody end bethought of, let me scan,  
(As drowning folk, men say, in one brief flash  
See all the past clear with their closing eyes,)

The short, sad life, or the long living death  
That now a scaffold ends, and ask myself,  
As one that stands in sight of the White Throne  
Whereon He sits who judges quick and dead,  
Was there indeed "nae outgait," as I wrote  
To my fell sister, who now dips her hands  
In my heart's blood?

What otherwise could I,  
—Being this I, and standing where I stood?  
E'en with these eyes made clear by the near gleam  
Of Headsman's axe "nae outgait" can I see.  
Many my faults of youth and ignorance,  
Yet ever to correction docile, sae  
It came in guise worthy a Queen free-born,  
Nowise a slave.

Alack! an evil star  
'Twas rose above my cradle, and its ray,  
Ill-omened and sinister, followed me,  
All my life through unto this bloody end!  
A six-days' babe within Linlithgow's halls,  
The shade of Scotland's thistle-crown fell ower  
My infant sleep, dropt from despairing brows,  
Where my young father turned his woeful face  
To his auld Falkland palace wall and died;

—Heart-break or foul play who shall say by which?  
Beaton and Arran, round my nursery door  
Wrangled for regency. England's Henry,  
For the soft, helpless, dimpled baby hand,  
Bade for his Prince, while true Scots fought to *save*  
Their land frae the "Auld Enemy" that fain  
Had swallowed her, with me, poor innocent!  
—Begun in blood fitly in blood it ends.

Yet what knew I? No blood-red stain for me  
Shadowed the tender green of opening spring,  
Or long bright hours of sunny summer days,  
When by Linlithgow's Loch, or 'neath the shade  
Of Stirveling's Castle Rock, amang the trees  
I played, while my good Janet Sinclair watched  
My merry romps; her swift wires, (stuck in bun *c* **1**  
Of feathers at her girdle), twinkling as  
She knit hose for John Kemp her husband, who  
Comfits had aye in his big doublet pouch  
For his "wee Queen," (as me he wont to call,)  
When we (Janet and I) bare him the hose  
To his low timber hut beside the Loch,  
And I rode on his shoulder and his foot,  
And supped on brose and bannocks of oatmeal.

Then home or dusk, and Janet brushed my hair  
 Into soft curls, and put on my white frock,  
 And tied my sash and buttoned my blue shoes,  
 And my fair stately mother played with me  
 A while in the great hall before she went  
 To sup, and I to bed in my white crib.  
 Oh! solitary happy baby days!  
 A lonely child with life's first dazzling dreams  
 For only playmates!—Happier life has none!


Then came a change; and Inchmacomb's auld walls,  
 Used but to cowled monks' chants, rang with the glee  
 Of my four Marys and their Mary Queen;  
 And the good fathers' garden where they grew  
 Herbs for their "potage maigre" blossomed out  
 In roses, marjoram and eglantine,  
 And great box-borders as we delved and sang,  
 Making child's gardens 'neath the auld gray walls.

A new change then. A regal progress through  
 The merry land of France, royal honours all  
 The way from Roscoff to Saint-Germain-Laye  
 For the French King's little "Reinette of Scotland,"  
 Whom weel he loved and gave a mimic court;



While she and her four Marys shared with his  
Ain bairns, Frances, Henry, Charles, Margaret,  
Elizabeth, and Claude, in games and tasks ;  
And aye his "Reinette" must precede them all,  
Whom his young Dauphin claimed to be his bride  
Already as they danced, (some five years old,)  
At the great wedding of the Duc d'Aumale,  
—Folk said, a fairy pair.

At Joinville next,  
With the dear Grandmère in her black serge gown ;  
(Her coffin ever in the gallery  
Through which she passed to Mass,) where the quiet  
hours  
Sped on swift wings above the girlish head  
Bent low ower book, or tapestry, or work  
Of coarser sort, for deeds of charity.  
And oft my uncles came, Charles of Guise,  
Brave, soldier-like, and generous ;—severe  
And stern, men said,—yet never stern to me ;  
And the great Cardinal, the Diplomat,  
With his shrewd, quick, observant, hawk-like eye ;  
Much taught they me, and praised the ready wit,  
And promise of their scholar. Visits too



To my sweet aunt, Abbess of Saint Pierre,  
When oft at vespers low I knelt within  
The great Rheims Minster, and rejoiced to see  
The westering sun through its rose-window pour  
A flood of gold besprent with dazzling gems.

Yet even there already Sorrow showed  
Her bodeful face. At eight years old I stood  
By the good Grandpère's bier; and the great joy  
Of my dear mother's visit,—I sae sair  
Had wept to leave in Scotland,—all owercast  
By mutterings ominous,—scarce understood  
Yet bodeful,—of mysterious mischief scarce  
Escaped, meant me in cup of Robert Stewart;  
—Uncomprehended all yet haunting aye.  
Then parting's bitter woe, alack the last!  
For ne'er again I saw my mother's face.  
—Yet still Sorrow but showed her face and passed,  
Leaving the joy behind.

Weel I recall,

—Eleventh birthday past,—the New-Year's Day,  
And the great supper, in mine ain new house,  
I gave the Cardinal!—and how he came  
Monthly thereafter, to sum up accounts,

And set the house in order, and report  
To the Queen-Regent what a wise house-wife  
She had for daughter ! Then the letters frae  
My sweet Elizabeth, daughter of France,  
Dearest and closest friend aye to my heart ;  
My Odes and Poems, Brantome, Ronsard praised ;  
And the great joy of mine ain Frances' love,  
Crowned that sweet April morn in Notre Dame,  
When he and I plighted our wedded troth,  
Ere our twain ages joined made thirty years.

Ah ! thae sweet weeks at Villers-Coterets,  
Hidden amid its trees, hard by Soissons,  
Where I a fourteen-year-old bride, was all  
The world to my dear Heart, as he to me !  
And the gay days at Henry's sparkling Court,  
Filled full with Love, Beauty, and Chivalry,  
The Minstrel's lay, the Courtier's homage, all  
Life's joys brimming the dazzling cup !—How soon  
In fragments dashed from the uplifting hand !

Scarcely I heeded it amid the joy,  
Yet ower the gladness fell a passing shade,  
When I minded the double bond I signed,

—The French bond and the Scots,—or we were  
wed ;

—For ever was I prone to openness  
In word and deed,—ower prone my mother deemed ;  
Aye aught hidden irked me :—yet must a Queen  
Keep counsel, (sae she taught), nor wear her heart  
Upon her sleeve as may the simple sort.  
Sae signed I as they bade, or I was wed,  
The Scottish crown, (did I die issueless),  
To Henry my good-father soon to be,  
And aye the only father I had known ;  
And to my France, for ancient services  
'Gainst England, the “Auld Enemy” ; sae baith  
The Duke and Cardinal, my uncles willed,  
As best for the True Faith, mine ain Realm, France,  
And me ; sae mine ain heart too urged, that loved  
The King, my dear Heart's father, and the Land,  
My mother's and my husband's ay and mine,  
Far more than mine own far-off savage realm.  
And when a fortnight after they bade sign  
The Scots' Lords' bargain, and say ne'er a word  
O' other bond, 'twas but state-craft, they said,  
Sic as a Queen maun use ;—yet still it irked,  
Though swallowed in young gladness.

Honours came

Crowding fast.—The matrimonial crown  
 Of Scotland with the Dauphin's badge of France  
 My Frances wore upon his dear pale brow ;  
 And when Mary of England died, they wove  
 The English Lions in our quarterings  
 Blazoned with France and Scotland, (seeing she  
 Who claimed to wear them was a bastard born,  
 —This same fell woman who now gluts the hate  
 That day had birth, in my heart's blood.) The *arms*  
 Were mine of right ;—now Mary Tudor dead,  
 Next heir true-born to English Henry's crown ;  
 Yet that emblazoned flag that waved sae gay  
 Above our tournament, (—twice fatal sae,—)  
 Of Place des Tournelles, where good Henry fell,  
 Is this day's pall to wrap a headless corpse !  
 Yet where the outgait ? Catholic and Queen,  
 How might I quit my right to England's Throne,  
 Yield it to bastard and to heretic ?  
 —Gaily our flag waved then nor breathed of woe  
 Yet was woe nigh, for there, a random lance,  
 Left fatherless, Frances, and France, and me !

Then ill news came treading on ill news' heels

British realm  
 hurricane  
 led their Preach-

the Faith !  
 riot ;) )  
 monks  
 fore  
 came,  
 blast 'gainst  
 as

gent's, all,  
 ox,  
 ent  
 overthrew ;  
 loff !  
 living aid.  
 they sacked,  
 teen,  
 siege,  
 appealed  
 or aid,  
 queen

Full gladly gave. Then to her ain French land  
 Wisely the Regent turned and succour craved;  
 And French and English battled it at Leith.

Sae lowering clouds brooded ower my poor realm,  
 And nearer, direr came the news of dule,  
 How in her house in Edinburgh, hard  
 By the Castle, with war and care out-worn,  
 My Regent-mother yielded her great soul  
 Into God's hands who gave. Twice orphaned thus,  
 Alane amid the din of warring creeds  
 Each with its foreign succour;—Scottish Lords  
 Throttling ilk ither ower the Bishops' spoils,  
 —The Congregation riving it frae baith  
 To feed their Preachouris.—James Sandilands  
 Dinning mine ears to sign the Treaty called  
 Of Edinburgh, for "all time coming"  
 The Arms of England to renounce,—the whilk  
 Nowise I bode to do! Heresy too  
 In France lifting bold front, the whilk, the Duke  
 My uncle punishing, an evil bruit  
 Went forth of Frances and of me, (hunting  
 The while in happy ignorance!) that he,  
 —The King,—to cure a loathsome leprosy,

Made baths of little children's blood ! Sae when  
 At Blois we rode in royal procession, lo !  
 Ilk face was turned away in horror, till  
 My Frances in his pain turned on the Duke  
 Upbraiding him, "What have I done," he said,  
 "Thus to be hated ? I am shunned. Behold  
 My people look on me with horror ! Oh !  
 My uncle Guise 'tis you that they abhor,  
 Not me."

Woes followed fast. De' Barri's plot,  
 And Guises' fierce reprisals made Amboise  
 A shambles where the streets ran blood, and e'en  
 The Castle battlements, (within whilk we  
 Abode,) were gibbets, and trees in its park,  
 Ilk wi' its ghastly corpse ; and when distraught  
 With all that horror, to Chenonceau we  
 Fled, and were royally greeted there, mocking,  
 Men said "Doubtless we were weel satisfied !"

Then with the winter came worst woe of all,  
 For then my dear Heart sickened, and or passed  
 The auld decrepit year, my young King lay  
 In his untimeous grave ; and I, or yet  
 My eighteenth birthday, knew a widow's dule.



Oh ! yon lang winter's midnight when I sat  
Alane with my dear Heart, and the dim light  
From the long tapers flickering, ghastly fell,  
In moving shadows on the moveless brow,  
And the still form beneath its shroud of white ;  
And my heart seemed as moveless, turned to stone,  
Ower which the world with all its weal and woe,  
Like those dim wavering taper-lights, might play,  
And leave it cauld and careless as that form  
'Neath the white winding-sheet !—Next day I gave  
The Medicis the jewels I wore as Queen  
Of France. What now to me ?—since nevermore,  
My Frances, could their gleam enhance for thee  
The beauty that thou lovedst ! Henceforth for  
me,

White robe of dule and life as colourless.  
—But for the Queen Douaire another son  
And a new King !—Why weep for Frances though  
She gave him birth ?—Me, aye she hated. Yet  
My heart ached when my Uncles Guise as well,  
Following the Medicis, left me next morn  
Alane beside my dead ;—till with no pomp,  
Myself and Senlis' good old bishop laid  
My Frances at Saint Dennis to his rest.

For forty days no daylight entered where  
 I and my grief sat lane : then requiem said  
 For his poor soul in the Gray Friars' church  
 At Orleans, there, and at Rheims I made,  
 —Far from the Medicis' intriguing Court,—  
 My sad abode.—In my white robes of dule  
 At mass with Grandmère Bourbon in her black  
 Serge gown, or vespers with Renée, my aunt,  
 Amid the sunset's glory flood, within  
 Rheims' grand old Minster's aisles, in musings sad  
 Knelt till the glory faded from the west ;  
 And in the twilight street folk started as  
 "The White Queen" (as they called me) glided past,  
 Like a dim ghost to weep through the still night,  
 And croon,—for the Love chansons Ronsard  
     praised,—  
 Sonnets of widowed woe.—One haunts me now,  
 Singing its sad refrain within my brain,  
 Of my first love, this my last night on earth !

En mon triste et doux chant  
 D'un ton fort lamentable  
 Je jette un œil tranchant,  
 De perte incomperable,

Et en soupirs unsans  
Passe mes meilleurs ans.

Fut-il tel malheur  
De dure destinée,  
Ny si triste douleur,  
De Dame fortunée,  
Qui mon cœur et mon œil,  
Vois en bierre et cercüeil.

Qui en mon doux printemps  
Et fleur de ma jeunesse  
Toutes les paines sens,  
D'une extreme tristesse,  
Et en rien n'ay plaisir,  
Qu'en regret et désir.

Ce qui m'estoit plaisant,  
Ores m'est peine dure,  
Le jour le plus luisant,  
M'est nuit noire et obscure,  
Et n'est rien si exquis,  
Quit de moy foit requis.

J'ay au cœur et a l'œil  
Un portrait et image  
Qui figure mon deüil  
Et mon pasle visage  
De violentes teint  
Qui et l'amoureux teint.

Pour mon mal etranger  
Je ne m'arreste en place  
Mais j'en ay beau changer,  
Si ma douleur efface,  
En labeur, en reçoÿ  
Toujours est prest de moy.

Je ne vois autre objet  
Pour beau qu'il se presente,  
A qui que soit sujet,  
Aucques mon cœur consente,  
Exempt de perfection  
A cette affliction.

Mets Chanson icy fecé  
A si triste complainte

Dont sera le refrené  
Amour vraye et non fainte  
Pour la seperation  
N'aura diminution.

Sae passed the quiet days with the placid nuns  
At Saint Pierre-les-Dames 'neath gentle sway  
Of my sweet Abbess Aunt, and in their peace,  
My bruised and broken heart grew soothed and calm,  
Lending a passive ear to the intrigues,  
Whose rumours from the distant Court scarce stirred  
A heart-beat, mid those woodland solitudes.  
Don Carlos' love,—Catherine the Florentine  
Tradeswoman's hate,—what was it all to me,  
Whose heart lay at Saint Dennis buried deep  
In Frances' grave?

But not for lang that dear  
And sweet repose. Baith Scottish Catholics,  
And (on the Congregation's part,) Lord James  
My brother, craved return to mine ain Realm,  
Where ilk man's hand was against every man,  
And every man's hand lifted against ilk.  
Fain had I stayed, simple Douaire of France,  
Rather than strive, with my tired aimless heart,

**To** rule my rugged realm on Scotland's throne,  
**But** for the Medicis' fell hate that spared  
**Nought** that might humble ; sae, although England  
**Denied** safe conduct, bode was I to go.  
**Darkness** and dule and danger all the way !

**Vainly** I searched the gloom with longing eyes  
**E'en** for an English fleet to force me back  
**To** the dear Land that held my dearest Heart,  
**When** from my bed upon our galley's deck  
**The** Pilot called me at first streak of day  
**To** gaze my last, as faded its faint shore  
**In** the dim distance and my prophet heart  
**Foreboding** said, “ It is forever,” as,  
**With** arms outstretched towards her, sad I cried,  
**“ Adieu,** oh France, ne'er shall I see thee more !”

**And** sae came I to mine ain Realm. A Land  
**In** throes of revolution, where the auld  
**Faith** of our fathers lay trampled beneath  
**The** feet of “ The Religion ” as they called  
**The** new,—which heretics from Germany  
**Had** brought to trouble my poor Realm.

John Knox

Blawing his blasts 'gainst "monstrous regiment  
Of women,"—Lords of the Congregation,  
In Parliament decreeing Holy Mass  
Idolatry punished by death, Preachers  
In Saint Giles' Kirk raving against ilk thing  
At Court, e'en to "tarjetting of our tails,"  
And jealous nobles ilk 'gainst all the rest !  
What outgait there for me, a Catholic  
And Queen ?

Yet my poor best I strove. Chose Lords  
Of Congregation for my ministers,  
Full liberty of worship left to all,  
Sae mine they hindered not. Craved them to play  
Their barbarous music ower again, wherewith  
They greeted my first night, and when a babe,  
(Issued frae mimic cloud ower Netherbow,)  
Their City Keys, Bible and Psalter laid  
Thegither at my feet, I took and smiled !

E'en stern John Knox himself I strove to win,  
Craving his counsel for my private ear,  
If aught I did misliked him. At hawking  
Be-west Kinross, showed him Lord Ruthven's ring ;  
Warned him 'gainst Athens' Bishop ; craved his help

In quarrel 'twixt my sister and Argyle.  
 Ay, and he wrought at my commandment in  
 That matter of Argyle ! found my words wise  
 Anent the Bishop ! yea all but was won !

Yet all in vain ! the war was unto death !  
 What amity might hold 'twixt him and me ?  
 The New's Apostle, he, and I a Queen  
 Leal to the auld true Faith, wherein had died  
 My Frances and my mother ; and lived all  
 Living I loved ! How thole its holy Mass  
 An Idol held worthy of death, its priests  
 Insulted at the altar, its churches  
 Desecrate, its monastries in ruins ?  
 How turn I my back in its adversity ?  
 I thank my God, now with this bloody death,  
 (Sae mayhap I had 'scaped,) a few hours hence  
 To suffer, never I did ; but ever said  
 True Catholic as I was born, sae would  
 I live and die !

And troubles thickened fast ;  
 —Poor Chastelar's infatuation wild,  
 (Anger drowned pity then, I pity now !)  
 And the Sanct Andros' block whereon he dreed



Its weird.—Enterprizes of England's Queen  
 Anent my marrying ;—Don Carlos,—then  
 The Archduke Charles,—my Lord of Dudley ;—~~w~~hilk  
 Aye with a show of help she hindered, till  
 Patience owerpast " the lang lad " as she called  
 My Lord of Darnley,—heir, next after me  
 To Scotland's baith and England's crown,—in ~~hæ~~ste  
 I wed ; (the Throne sae weel assured), his boy's  
 Face and slim grace, liking me as he rode  
 Beneath my chamber's window at the Weems !

Never my white dule-robcs I doffed until  
 The bridal morn, and then, alack ! for dule  
 Far waur in Darnley's prideful insolence,  
 And childish jealous rage that made him dupe  
 Of our worst foes. The woeful outrage then  
 Of David's death, when ghastly Ruthven risen  
 Like an ill ghost frae's sick-bed, with Lindsay  
 And mony mair, stole up the secret stair  
 Frae the King's rooms to mine ain Cabinet  
 Wherein we sat at supper ;—Darnley held  
 My waist, (poor David clinging to my skirts,)  
 My sister of Argyle, the falling lights  
 Kepping<sup>1</sup> frae the up-turning table, while

<sup>1</sup> Catching.

They dragged him shrieking, and outside the door  
 With four-and-fifty wounds they struck him through.  
 The King's red whinger left in the poor corpse !  
 —I, all but ripe for motherhood !—Yet I,  
 (Unwise relenting,) when with coward tears,  
 The King turned on the rest, feigned penitence,  
 And pled his youth and evil counsellors,  
 Took him with me by night unto Dunbar !

Pardoned and rescued sae, yet plotting still !  
 —Save that I bode not share or bed or board,  
 —How have him back in wifely kindness wha  
 Sae little recked o' my life or his ain  
 Poor bairn's within my womb ?—Aye when he  
 sought

My favours there would rise afore my een  
 That whinger red sticking in David's corpse !  
 Pouting and sulking syne like a spoilt bairn ;  
 At Stirveling absent frae the Christening ;  
 That all men deemed the King intolerable !  
 Yet when the Secretaire and others urged  
 Divorce, nowise I gave consent, but pled  
 That he was young, he might amend ; nocht not  
 With my pure honour weel consisting might be  
 Emprized.—Then when at Glasgow he fell sick,

Myself I went for him and brought him hame  
To Kirk-o'-Field,—seeing men count the air  
Wholesome and caller there ;—(the babe being  
At Holyrood and the King's sickness o'  
The catching sort.)—Oft sat I by his bed,  
And my heart melting to his weakness, we  
Vowed new beginnings, hoping better days.

Then came the woeful end. Scarce three hours I —  
Had left him wi' gift o' a ring, and kiss,  
And lighter heart than e'er since David's death ;  
(Going with links up the Black Friar's Wynd  
To Holyrood, to see Sebastian's bride  
Bedded, as wont is,) when, in the small hours  
As wi' a sudden earthquake, shook the town,  
And Kirk-o'-Field was blawn into the air !  
Search made Henry was found, his body nor  
Broken nor bruised, (aside him his young page,)  
Naked within the yaird, with but his sark  
Upon him !

Verily, scarce I might love  
The King ! yet very pitiful it was  
To see him lie dead there at Holyrood,  
Ere in its abbaye he was laid near by

Poor David's corpse ;—himself untimous slain  
As he untimely slew !

I could not mourn  
For Darnley as for Frances, nor abide  
Holyrood's darkened rooms, filled full with ghaists,  
Red-handed or red-reeking in their gore !  
—Sae went to Seton or my wits should tyne  
'Mang all that gloom and horror.

—Nocht kent I

Of that foul murder, nor might much surmise,  
Seeing the King sae hated ; scarce a hand  
Amang them all but it might stain my ain  
In clasping it, with Henry's blood !—Murray  
And Morton, Bothwell, and the Secretaire,  
The same bruit went of all ! and weel I kent  
Ilk ane misliked the King. That murderous night  
Bothwell was with me at Sebastian's feast,  
And lang or it was day, Bothwell it was  
Brought me the woeful tidings ! How between,  
Credit him with that slaughter ?—Aye my Knight  
Gallant and faithful he, friend of my friends,  
And foe but to my foes ; and when the bruit  
Went out against him, wha but he and his  
Craved inquisition o' the murder frae

Argyle? At the assize Lennox compeered  
Not, (who accused,) and of five erles, five lords,  
Five Barons was he cleansed. Yet not content  
Challenged to single combat ony man,  
Gentle and undefamed, wha dared to dub  
Him murderer o' the King.—Wherefore should I  
Hold him for guilty whom the law absolved,  
He, aye my faithful servitor?—

Yet was


I warned of ill devise of marriage he  
Dared to propone; my Lord o' Herries maist  
Humbly upon his knees, prayed me to think  
Upon mine honour and the surety o'  
The Prince, my son; a writing Melville brought,  
Likewise frae Thomas Bishop, (a true Scot  
Lang time in England,) showing siclike bruit:  
But how believe? Bothwell but six months wed  
On Huntly's sister, I but scarce a widow?  
Yet proved the bruit ower true. For coming back  
Frae Stirveling, 'twixt Lithgo' and Edinburgh,  
The Erle Bothwell with great company  
Was in my gait at Almond Bridge, and laid  
Hand on my bridle, with dark hints of ill  
Upon my road, turning my palfrey's head,

And led me, Huntly and the Secretaire,  
 'Mazed with him to Dunbar,—the stronghold I  
 For his good service late myself had gien !

There warst befall.—Humbled, befouled, heart-broke,  
 The brute-beast in my captor broken loose ;  
 The Secretaire, (but that I stood between),  
 Nigh slain before my een.—Their lives to save  
 I feigned content, and bade my friends depart.  
 To me, his heart-broke captive, Bothwell then  
 Showed writ, subscrivèd of the Lords,—Huntly,  
 —Argyle,—seven Bishops all willing me wed  
 My ravisher and jailor ! (his new bride  
 Or then he having gart sue for divorce !)  
 What outgait, nane to help ? A heart-broke Bride,  
 Dishonoured—tear-stained,—not with holy Mass,  
 But Adam Bothwell's preaching, (since John Craig,  
 Mair honest would not,) in sad wedlock I,  
 In Holyrood's great Hall was joined with fell  
 Earl Bothwell.

Nightmare yet these lang June days,  
 Scarce darkening 'twixt gloaming of eve and morn,  
 When Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags looked down  
 On heart-broke captive, men called Scotland's Queen,

In Holyrood, wild with a mother's fears  
For her poor babe, his keeping sought by hands,  
A great dread in her heart ower sure surmised  
Red with ower sib a gore! Herself sae sair  
Disdainful handled that she cried aloud,  
(As Arthur Erskine and James Melville heard,)  
For knife to stick herself! At last a bruit  
Arising that the Lords were minded take  
Holyrood House and Bothwell in the same,  
He left suiting the prince, (careful to save  
Himself,) and fled;—as surety, bearing me  
With him to Borthwick and Dunbar. There he  
Convened the men of Merse and Lothian,  
(As though in my behoof,) to fight the Lords;  
—I wha ilk day shed oceans o' salt tears  
Sae beastly was he and suspicious!—Yea  
When the Laird o' Grange, on my safe conduct,  
Came to have speech of me at Carberry,  
He set soldier to shoot him; till I gave a cry  
That nowise he might do me siclike shame!  
And when he heard the Laird of Grange declare,  
Gin I wad leave him wha was murderer  
O' my ain husband, nor could be himself  
Rightly my husband, (seeing he was wed,)



All Scotland yet would serve and honour me ;  
 He offered single combat to wha would  
 Maintain that he had done it ; yet when Grange,  
 And Tullibardine and Lord Lindsay all  
 Stood blythe and ready, held them in contempt.  
 —Then once again I sent for Grange, and on  
 The hill of Carberry I said to him,  
 “ Gin that the Lords will do as ye have said,  
 My Laird of Grange I render me to you.”  
 And so gave him my hand, whilk then he kissed,  
 And led me by the bridle down the brae  
 Unto the Lords, wha all with reverence  
 Came forth to meet me ; yet some rascals cried  
 Despitefully, till Grange drew out his sword  
 And struck at sic as spake irreverently.  
 —Then Bothwell turned his horse’s head and fled.

That night within the Provost’s Lodging, called  
 The Black Turnpike, I lay in Edinburgh ;  
 Oh hours of woe and dule ! All night beneath  
 My windows, in the street, and on the stairs,  
 The rascal multitude howled ribaldry  
 And wrong !—calling me whore and murderess !  
 Deploying in my sight at streak o’ day



An ensign painted with the King thereon,  
 Beneath a green tree, dead, and our young son,  
 Beside his head, sitting upon his knees,  
 Holding his baby hands up to high Heaven  
 Crying, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!"  
 Till with the horror nigh my wits were tint!

Then, for that I,—my heart relenting,—(as,  
 Alack! too much its wont ever hath been!)  
 —Remembering his auld service,—some few words  
 Of parting kindness wrote to the fell Erle,  
 —Whose face ne'er I should look on more;—  
 whilk

The loon that bare, against his promise gave  
 Unto the Lords,—they turned their backs on me,  
 Saying I would not leave him as I said;  
 And they, for surety o' their lives and lands,  
 And safety o' the prince, bode sequestrate  
 Me frae society o' the said Erle,  
 (Whilk nowise I desired had they kent!)  
 And haud me prisoner in Loch Leven's Keep.

Grange then, (sae hoping to make me and them  
 Baith quit o' the fell Erle,) made ready ships

To sail to Shetland after him,—where he  
 Was fled ;—and when they sighted him, (despite  
 The Skipper’s counsel, ’ware o’ shallows there,)  
 Grange bode have all sails hoisted, sae by ower  
 Great haste their ship brake on a bed of sand,  
 Whilk Bothwell seeing saved him in a boat,  
 Fleeing to Denmark, where in prison strait  
 He tint his wits and miserably died.  
 —Confessing first the murder o’ the King,  
 And purging me frae art or part therein :  
 —As Morton likewise, or he died, confessed  
 Though Bothwell promised him in my hand write  
 To bring warrant for the King’s death, never  
 Sic writ he brought,—nor could, seeing nane was.

To me then prisoned in Loch Leven came  
 The rebel Lords, willing that I demit  
 The Kingdom to my son,—a two-year babe,—  
 That they themselves might rule, whereunto I  
 Refusèd utterly, until that Grange,  
 The Secretaire, Athol, and Mar, (fearing  
 My life amang their bloody hands,) bespake  
 Melville to show me how that aught I did,  
 —Being compelled in prison,—ne’er could haud

Against me in the law ; sae at my Lord  
O' Lindsay's coming,—under fear of death,—  
I signed demission.

Then the Lords bode crown  
The Prince, and Murray maun be Regent,—just  
Retoured frae France,—wha to my prison came  
Speaking sic bitter and injurious words  
As cut the thread of love and credit 'twixt  
Us twain forevermore.—Yet were there  
Mony faithful,—Argyle, Huntly, Flemyng,  
My Lord of Herries, Ross and Galloway,  
Sanct Andros' Bishop, and a mony mair  
Calling themselves the Queen's Lords, banded th  
Together at Dumbarton 'gainst the King's,  
(Seeing they called the rebels by the name  
Of that poor Innocent).—Ay, e'en within  
The Castle in the Loch, gude friends I found,  
George Douglas — though the Regent's mot  
son,—

Ay, the auld dame herself, keepit quiet sough  
When little Willie Douglas stole the keys  
Frae by the Laird's ain plate at supper time,  
And rowed a gentlewoman o' the Queen's,  
(Wha but the Queen herself?) ower to Kinros

(Casting the keys intil a cannon's mouth,)
   
Where George, Lord Seton and the Hammiltons
   
Waited me and convoyed to Hammilton.

Gif they had waited as I willed, the Laird
   
O' Grange and Leddington's communing wi'
   
Lord Herries and the rest !—Alack not sae
   
God willed. Ower fierce they pressed to battle.—When
   
Langside was lost, first I tint courage,—whilk
   
Never I did afore !—That dolesome night
   
At the Black Turnpike, when I rendered me
   
Up to the Lords,—the flag with Henry dead
   
Beneath a growing tree and our young babe
   
Crying for vengeance,—the mob's shouts upon
   
The stairs ; all wrought sae great a fear o' mine
   
Ain countrymen, that fairer showed even
   
My sister England's promises ; and ne'er
   
After the battle I drew rein until
   
Sixty miles off, Dundrennan's Abbey reached,
   
And with Lord Herries rowed the Solway ower,
   
At Workington, I put my life within
   
The hungry jaws o' the "Auld Enemy" !
   
—A foolish bird fluttering for refuge 'neath
   
Wing o' the hovering hawk !

There life had end ;  
The rest but death in life.—Why tell the tale ?  
Prisons and jailors,—Carlisle and Bowton,  
Knollys and my Lord Scrope ;—Elizabeth's  
Commissioners at York feigning fair play,  
Sifting with dearest of my foes, letters  
Of mine to Bothwell,—as they boast, Dalgleish  
Within a silver casket found,—whereof  
Nane were to Bothwell, maist of Morton forged.  
—Fause Moray vowing ne'er he would consent,  
Consenting to that shame ; nae word of mine  
Allowed !

Erle Shrewsbury and his jealous dame ;  
Tutbury and Sheffield, Wingfield, Chatsworth,  
Hardwick and Buxton, Tixal and Chartley ;  
Sir Amias Paulet the sour Puritan,  
And last this Fotheringay where all has end.  
England's fell Queen's feigned friendship,—the waur  
dule  
Of mine own flesh and blood's forgetfulness,  
(If so be that the poor boy were not wronged,  
His letters hindered, he as helpless as  
His mother,—as now by the near clear gleam  
Of Headsman's axe I seem to see ;)—all friends

That stood for me,—the auld Northumberland,  
Mine ain true lord of Norfolk, whose dear love  
Shone my sole glint o' God's light in the dark ;—  
Paying the forfeit on the bloody block.  
—Why tell the woeful tale,—a dream now past ;  
A nightmare of the dark, to-morrow's axe  
Shall cleave a bloody way through to the Light  
And to God there.—

Sae to man's earth, Fareweel.



RIFT IV.

“FOR CHRIST'S CROWN  
AND COVENANT.”

A.D. 1582-1688.





## ACT I.

### *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

JAMES VI. of Scotland.

Mister ANDREW MELVILLE, Moderator of the General  
Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland.

Mister JAMES MELVILLE, his Nephew.

Sir JAMES MELVILLE of Hahill.

JAMES STEWART, Earl of Arran.

Mister PATRICK GALLOWAY, } Commissioners from the

Mister JAMES NICOLSONE, } General Assembly.

Two Ministers of the Kirk of Scotland.

Provost and Baillies of Edinburgh.

&c.



“FOR CHRIST’S CROWN AND  
COVENANT.”

*RIFTS IN THE REEK OF A CENTURY’S DRAMA.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A throng of Ministers and Elders about the door of  
the New Kirk, after an extraordinary diet of the  
General Assembly, Edinburgh, June 27, 1582.*

FIRST MINISTER.

WHAT think ye of our Moderator’s charge?  
’Twas a bold figure, “The bloody gullie”  
Of the King his Grace’s authority  
In matters spiritual !

SECOND MINISTER.

Verily,  
A bold figure, yet a true ! What is it but

To pull the Crown off Christ his head, and wring  
The Sceptre from His hand, ay and to lay  
A "Bloody gullie," as saith Mister Andrew,  
Unto the throat of His dear Spouse the Kirk,  
When the Duke's Tulchan, Robert Montgomery,  
Of our Assembly excommunicate  
In Kirk of Libberton this tenth of June,  
Through mouth of good Mister Johne Davidsone,  
And intimation thereof made Wednesday  
Thereafter from Edinburgh pulpits,—  
An order yet is made of the King's Grace,  
The Lord's Day following, in most the Kirks  
Of Glasgow and the South, to pull from out  
The pulpit who should make sic intimation?

## FIRST MINISTER.

Whilk notwithstanding Mister Johne, nothing  
Affrighted, taught in Libberton that day!  
For the whilk, men say Lennox hath called him  
"Un petit Diable."

## SECOND MINISTER.

Ay, the Duke's Grace  
Likes not his Tulchan mishandled, lest his

**F**at Cow, the Glasgow Bishopric, hold up  
**H**er milk ! Ill day was it for Scotland that  
**B**rought Esmé Stewart's red beard across the water,  
(Sent of the Guises,) with his merry mate  
**M**ombirneau, and his forty thousand crowns,  
**P**istoles and golden angels, to cause dance,  
**O**ur King's Grace (being then but a young child  
Of twelve years,) to their Popish tunes !

FIRST MINISTER.

**H**ead ye ever tale of the Englishman  
**W**ho querried of a Scot anent the King's  
**G**race dispositions? Quoth the Scot, "Saw ye  
**E**ver a Jackanapes? Gif ye have ye  
**W**ill know that gif ye hold him in *your* hands  
**Y**e can make him bite *me*, and gif I hold  
**H**im in *my* hands I can make him bite *you*."  
**A**nd so of the King's Grace !

SECOND MINISTER.

'Tis pity of him,  
**H**ad he abode by tutoring of our  
**G**ood Mister George Buchanan it had been  
**O**therwise for the profit of baith Kirk

And Country ! Wist ye what saith James Melville ?  
How when he saw the King's Grace, (having then  
Eight years,) in the auld Lady Mar's hand, walk  
Discoursing of Knowledge and Ignorance,  
At Stirveling, the sweetest sight he thought it,  
For gifts extraordinaire and strange, that day  
In Europe ?

FIRST MINISTER.

The Guises' devilish device  
Spoiled all,—not their first spoilzie in this poor  
    realm !—  
Their Messieurs d'Obignie and Mombirneau,  
With their French toys and fashions did bewitch  
Our Prince's youth ; our Reformation of Religion  
And all our service done for him before,  
Causing to seem but in his eyes  
As dealings turbulent and treasonable,  
Subverting of his kingly power.

SECOND MINISTER.

The French  
Esmé Stewart, and the Scottish James Stewart,—  
    Lennox

And Arran,—‘hunt in couples, and an ill  
Hunting ’tis like to be for Scotland !

[*Enter* PROVOST *and* BAILLIES.

FIRST BAILLIE.

Saw ye ever sic passion of anger  
In man’s face as in good Mister Davidsons’e  
Anent the matter of John Durie ?

FIRST MINISTER.

Nay, we were called forth the Assembly or  
Mister Andrew ceased his exhortation,  
And nought heard of Johne Durie’s matter save  
That secretly he was charged in his house  
Of David Bryson, macer, to pass off  
The town, and abstain preaching in respect  
A fault he had confessed before the Council.

SECOND BAILLIE.

Thereby ye missed a notable sederunt !  
Scarce Mister Andrew ended, Johne Durie  
Of the Assembly craved advice, with large  
Discourse of the proceedings of the King



And Council against him, (with James Lawson,  
Walter Balcalquel, and David Lindsay,)  
Affirming the submission they alledge  
Is false, (his affirmation justified  
Of the said Mister James and Mister David,)  
And telling how said Mister James and he,  
Being summoned on thirtieth day of May  
To compear at Dalkeith to answer of  
His sermon wherein he, (speaking but truth),  
Named Arran and the Duke, abusers of  
The King, narrowly with his life he 'scaped,  
The Duke his Grace's cooks out of their kitchen  
With spits and great knives after him ! The matt  
Remit, and Mister Andrew deeming meet  
To send unto the King to understand  
His mind thereon, made choice for messengers  
Of Misters Buchanan and Fergusone ;  
Or they had steckt the door behind them, rose  
Johne Davidstone, in a great low of wrath,  
" I disassent," quoth he, " that they should go,  
For wherefore should ye seek reposing of  
Johne Durie from whom hath of displacing him  
No power ? (Howbeit that his flock most foolish—  
Yea godlessly did yield,) for what flesh may

place the Ambassador of the Great King  
 while he doth keep the bounds of his commission ?"  
 wroth was he, the Moderator bade  
 him moderate his zeal.

SECOND MINISTER.

Ay, did he so ?  
 In his heart I wis he did applaud !  
 That quarrel our Mister Andrew's zeal  
 As a fire white-hot ; deep down it burns,  
 It by and bye 'twill set all in a low !<sup>1</sup>

FIRST MINISTER.

And what fell next, good Master Baillie ?

FIRST BAILLIE.

Then

Came in my Lord the Provost with all us,  
 Baillies and Council of the town, craving  
 Advice of the Assembly touching this  
 Our due obedience to the King his charge,  
 To cause Johne Durie to pass off the town ;  
 Whereunto the Moderator querried, " Did

<sup>1</sup> Flame.

We crave advice as touching conscience, aye  
Or no?" answered, "Fully we were resolved  
Of conscience," then said he, "So far as it  
Is civil, the Assembly meddles not;"  
And so the heat increased betwixt us that  
The Moderator did himself much need  
His own admonishment!—At the last 'twas  
Of the most part concluded that Johne Durie  
Should quietly depart; gif he refused  
Then as the King commanded should he be  
Charged. But brethren deeming it not meet  
He should withdraw privately off the town,  
But abide rather the King's charge, therefore  
(Though with much heaviness of heart,) gave we  
The same; whilk he, resolving to obey,  
On Thursday after supper, at nine hours,  
With many brethren to the Market Cross  
Did go, and there take instruments, touching  
His honest conversation, and sound faith,  
Likewise of falseness of the narrative  
Of his alledged submission, and that still  
Where'er he had occasion he would preach  
The Word, as our Assembly liberty  
Hath given, the King his letter notwithstanding;—

(The whilk discharged him as well to preach  
As to abide within the town.) Whereon  
Protesting said Mister Johne Davidsone,  
’Twas sight most sorrowful for Edinburgh  
Ever he saw, in that to pleasure flesh  
And blood they had removed their Pastor, who  
Spake truth ; so should plague and God’s fearful  
judgements  
Alight on the devisers, inventors,  
Procurers, actors, authors, consentors,  
And rejoicers at Christ His banishment  
In that man’s person ;—except speedily  
They do repent.—Whereat the folk standing  
There throng about them greatly were commoved.  
—So went Johne Durie forth the Netherbow.

## SCENE II.

*Ante-room in King James VI.'s Palace at Perth.*

SIR JAMES MELVILLE *of Hahill* and MR JAMES~~ES~~<sup>S</sup>  
MELVILLE.

SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

Good Mister James, gif ye do tender weel  
Your Uncle's life give him this counsel as  
From a true-hearted weel-wisher and cousin,  
—Likewise in your ain person follow it,—  
That ye depart speedily off this town ;  
Seeing how evil your report at Court  
Anent these sermons umquhile at the Fast  
At Sanct Andros, and other your sayings  
And doings at Assemblies late bygane.

MR JAMES MELVILLE.

In good sooth, worthy Cousin, 'twas even  
These same ill reports athort the country,  
That at this Perth Convention all our brethren  
Did stand in hazard of their lives, that moved  
Me to repair here with all diligence,

To take part with my Uncle, and (in Christ,)  
My father.

SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

Here comes good Mister Andrew,  
Deal thou with him and that right earnestly,  
Seeing ’tis politic I be not seen  
To speak with him, and that my hint remain  
As ’twere *sub rosâ*.

[*Enter* MR ANDREW MELVILLE.

Good morrow, Cousin,  
And God be wi’ ye! Your worthy nephew,  
Mister James here, hath come hot haste with words  
Of moment for your private ear; prithee  
Give heed thereto.

[*Exit* SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

MR ANDREW MELVILLE.

God speed you, nephew! Right  
Joyful am I at heart to see your face,  
Yet of your unlooked coming gladly I  
Would know the occasions.

MR JAMES MELVILLE.

Most dear my Uncle,  
Urgent the occasions and yet most secret ;  
—Let us withdraw to yon embrasured window  
And there unheard confer.

*[They withdraw into a deep window.]*

The cause that gart  
Me quit in haste Sanct Andros and hath now  
Ower sure confirming, Uncle, in the words  
Of our good cousin Hahill, is report  
Athort the country spread, of ill intent  
Towards our Kirk's Commissioners now called  
To meet the King's Grace in Convention here ;  
—Towards thee and me in special, (as but now  
Advised me our good cousin,) on the part  
Of the Court faction ; yea most earnestly  
He dealt with me, as I would tender weel  
Your life and mine, that off the town instantly  
We do depart, or worse come of it ; ill  
Against us both being determined of  
Lennox and Arran ; wherefore let us go.

MR ANDREW MELVILLE.

Nay verily, good nephew ! Depart thou  
And with all speed, seeing thou hast no call  
Of God here ; much am I, too, beholden  
To our good cousin Hahill for his hint  
Right friendly given,—as it doth weel behove  
Ane sib of kith and kin ;—Yet do I thank  
My God, nocht fleyed nor feeble-spirited  
Am I, in Christ His Cause and Message. Come  
What God please to send ; to the King’s Grace  
Maun our commission be discharged.

MR JAMES MELVILLE.

Gif so

Your resolution steadfast be, likewise  
Will I abide.

MR ANDREW MELVILLE.

Here be the messengers  
To bid us to the King.

[*They enter the Council-chamber where JAMES  
VI., ARRAN, LENNOX, and the rest of the  
Court are already seated. Preliminaries*



*over, MR ANDREW MELVILLE rises with  
a paper from which he reads.*

“Your Majesty, as spokesman of our Kirk,  
I am commissioned to declare this day  
Before the King’s Grace, these our Kirk’s sore griefs ;  
First, that your Majesty, by the device  
Of Counsellors, is caused upon your Grace  
To take that spiritual authority  
And power which appertain of right to Christ  
Alone, as His Kirk’s only King and Head ;  
(Whereof the ministry and execution  
He gives only to sic as office bear  
In government ecclesiastical  
Of the said Kirk ;) so in your Grace’s person  
Some do press new Popedom to erect  
As though your Majesty could not be Head  
And King of this our Commonwealth unless  
Swords spiritual and temporal baith  
Be put into your Grace’s hands, and Christ  
Bereft of His authority ; the quhilk  
Confounds the jurisdiction God divides,  
And tends directly to the wrack of all  
Religion ; as by these especial heads

Is manifest ; that by power absolute  
Are benefices given to the unworthy,  
Intruset in the ministry without  
The Kirk’s admission, against baith the laws  
Of God and Acts of Parliament ; wherethrough  
The livings of the Kirk do come into  
The hands of men profane, siclike as sell  
Their souls and make shipwreck of Conscience, for  
Men’s pleasure or worldly commodity.”

JAMES STEWART, EARL OF ARRAN (*interrupting*).  
What ! wha dare subscribe thir treasonable  
Articles?

MR ANDREW MELVILLE (*taking a pen from  
the Clerk*).

*We* dare, and will subscribe them ;  
And will give our lives upon this Cause.

[*He signs, and all the Commissioners of the  
Kirk add their names after his.*

## SCENE III.

*Falkland Palace, October 1593.*

JAMES VI., MR ANDREW MELVILLE, MR JAMES  
MELVILLE, PATRICK GALLOWAY, JAMES NICOLSONE,  
*Commissioners from the General Assembly.*

MR PATRICK GALLOWAY.

What were the best ordering of our discourse  
With the King's Grace?

MR JAMES NICOLSONE.

Albeit Mister Andrew Melville be  
Our Moderator, and in ordinar  
Our spokesman, yet, seeing that Mr James  
Is likewise able to propone our matter  
Substantiously and weel; and in a manner mild  
And smooth quhilk the King liketh best of, good—  
Were it, to my thinking, gif the said  
Mister James, (willing its weight to underlie,)  
Proponed the matter firstly to his Grace  
Himself alone. Our Mister Andrew hath,

ving his presence,) more in him of Lion  
an of Lamb in sic like controversy !

MR ANDREW MELVILLE.

James, 'tis laid on thee to be spokesman,  
ou knowest the King's Grace would none of me,  
do I thank my God though I brake in  
called on his Convention of Estates,  
to his sore displeasure,) yet or I  
his command departed, I discharged  
him and them my conscience and commission,  
God's name and the Kirk's. Yet is mild speech  
r to win him, and an ill way hath,  
es, my tongue of catching fire, when burns  
heart within ; wherefore good nephew, thou  
er alane in the King's Cabinet.  
der his Grace's Messenger at Arms ;  
ward nephew, and God send thee good speed !

[MR JAMES MELVILLE *enters*  
*the King's Cabinet.*

JAMES VI.

od Mister James, we greet you heartily  
l weel ; what is your will of the King's Grace ?

Glad are we at the heart 'tis Mister James  
This day, for sooth good Mister Andrew's speech  
Is wont of digestion to be but hard  
For a King's stomach !

MR JAMES MELVILLE.

Your Majesty, I have been sent to show  
Unto the King's Grace that your Majesty's  
Most loyal and loving subjects, Commissioners,  
Of our Kirk's General Assembly, with  
Other brethren ordained to watch its weal  
In this so dangerous a time, convened  
At Cowper—

JAMES VI. (*angrily*).

And wherefore convenet they  
At Cowper? Ken ye not all sic convenings  
And Assemblyings without the King's warrant  
Be simple sedition, clean against all  
Laws of right Monarchy, and of effect  
To make baith ourselves and the Country fear,  
Where is no cause for fear ?

MR JAMES MELVILLE.

Your Majesty,  
May it please the King’s Grace—

MR ANDREW MELVILLE (*bursting into the Cabinet*).

Your Majesty—

JAMES VI.

What the Deil Mister Andrew brings *you* here  
But <sup>1</sup> warrant or occasion?

MR ANDREW MELVILLE.

Even the same your Majesty that brought  
Me here aforetime. A calling I have  
Hither to come of Christ Jesus the King ;  
And that your Majesty’s voice, waxing loud,  
We, waiting without, heard your Grace’s railing  
Against the brethren convened at Cowper.

JAMES VI.

Get ye hame, Mister Andrew, and intruse  
Not yourself without warrant on the King,  
Lest worse thing come to you.

<sup>1</sup> Without.

MR ANDREW MELVILLE (*seizing the King's sleeve*).

Sir, I am come

With a commission from the Mighty God  
Of whom your Grace is but the silly vassal.  
Sir, always in public will we reverence  
Your Majesty, but since God gives us this  
Private occasion, and the truth is, ye  
Are brought in extreme danger baith of life  
And crown ; and withal baith the Kirk of Christ  
And Country like to wrack for the not telling  
Of you the truth, and the not giving of you  
A faithful counsel, therein maun we discharge  
Our duty or be traitors baith to Christ  
And you. And therefore, Sir, as diverse times  
Afore, so now again mon I tell you  
There is in Scotland twa Kings and twa Kingdoms,  
The King Christ Jesus and the Kirk His kingdom,  
Whose subject is King James the Sixth ; yea, in  
That Kingdom, not a King, nor Lord, nor Head,  
But member ; and, Sir, when yet ye were in  
Your swaddling-clouts, Christ Jesus freely reigned,  
(Spite all His enemies,) within this land,  
His officers and ministers convening

And assembling for His Kirk's rule and weal,  
—Quhilk ever was also for your weal, fear,  
Defence and preservation ; will ye now,  
—When is mair nor extreme necessity  
Of the continuance and true discharge  
Of that duty,—drawn by a devilish  
And maist pernicious council to your ain  
Destruction,—hinder, depart, dishearten  
Christ's servants, your ain best and maist faithful  
Subjects ; quarrelling them for their convening  
And care that they have of their duty baith  
To Christ and you ? when rather ye should commend  
And countenance them, as aye godly Kings  
And good Emperors did. Anent the wisdom  
Of your Council (quhilk I call devilish,)   
This it is, that of all sort of men ye  
Mon be servet ;—Gentile and Jew, Papist  
And Protestant ;—and for that ministers  
And Protestants in Scotland be ower stark,  
And do control the King, they mon be weakened  
And brought low and the King being equal  
And indifferent, so shall baith be fain  
To flee to him, and he weel servet.—But,  
Sir, gif God's wisdom be the only true,





## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*St Giles' Kirk, Edinburgh, Sunday, July 23, 1637.*

*A great concourse of people filling the Kirk, and overflowing into the street. A group of serving-maids and kail-wives in a corner.*

FIRST SERVING-MAID.

WERT here at good Mister Henderson's prayers at eight o' the clock?

SECOND SERVING-MAID.

Ay that was I, and a right sad ending they had !  
Quoth the good man, the tears on his bonny cheeks,  
"Adieu good folk," quoth he, "for indeed I think  
this be the last time of my reading of prayers in this

place :” and so with a sorrowful step came he down from the reading place and went his way.

FIRST SERVING-MAID.

Think ye, kimmer, good Mister Henderson will have nane of the Archbishop’s Liturgy?

SECOND SERVING-MAID.

That will he never! “An ill-mumbled mass” as the auld King himsel’, honest man, (howsoever he favoured but ower muckle the Bishops,) was fain to confess it; and this Laud’s Buik waur than a’, my master says, being little other than the Popish Breviary in the Scots tongue.

JENNY GEDDES (*a Kail-wife*).

And sooth is it sae that the King’s Grace hath sent an order frae London for ilk minister in Scotland to use the same or be put to the horn?

SECOND SERVING-MAID.

Ay, kimmer, that’s the word, and thereupon good Mister Henderson hath demitted his office. *The* Dean will be here anon doubtless,—in the night-sark

they ca' their Surplices,—to din the Archbishop's Papistry in our lugs.

JENNY GEDDES (*muttering to herself*).

Mair nor good Mister Henderson may hae to say this day is the last o' their reading o' prayers in this place, or a's done!

FIRST SERVING-MAID.

Saw ye ever my Lord the Archbishop?

SECOND SERVING-MAID.

Ay, weel mind I o' the ill-faured face o' him at the King's Grace's crowning, twa years sin syne; a wee black-a-vised man, wi' the e'e o' a Corbie! Oh, woman, that was a grand sicht! The auld Cross ran wi' wine, and a muckle mound they ca'd Mount Parnassus, a' green wi' birks, stood where they're bigging the Tron Kirk the day, and nine buxom lasses—the muses they ca'd them—waiting there to welcome the King's Grace; an' the auld Castle booming wi' a' its cannon, and the music and the bells, and a' the streets railed and sanded, and arches o' a' the flowers o' June

owerhead! But weel I mind my master shook his head, when at the crowning the wee ill-faured Laud thrust aside ane o' the Scottish Bishops, honest man, for wearing of his black gown; and syne the Lord's day thereafter, when the King's Grace went to sermon in the High Kirk here, cam ane o' the Bishops frae the King's Loft, and pu'ed the Reader down when he was about beginning the Psalms o' David, and set up in his place twa English choristers in their night-sarks o' Surplices. And thereafter was there sic fiddling and dancing on the Lord's Day as ne'er was heard the like; and aye my Master said it wad come to nae good ending.

## FIRST SERVING-MAID.

Alack! little ending there seems to it, now ministers maun teach their folk the Archbishop's Papistry out of his new Buik, or be put to the horn and demit of their charges!

## JENNY GEDDES.

"It's a lang lane has nae turning," there may be an end or weel they wot!

FIRST SERVING-MAID.

See! yonder's the Dean in his white sark!

[*Enter DEAN JAMES HANNA in his surplice from the vestry.—All the people gaze at him in deep silence; he enters the Reader's desk, and opening his book begins to read the Collect for the day.*]

JENNY GEDDES.

Deil collick the wame o' thee, thou false thief!  
Dost thou say the Mass at my lug?

[*Lifting up the folding stool on which she had been sitting, she hurls it at the Dean, who "jouking" his head escapes the blow.*]

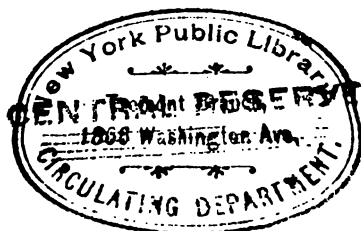
FIRST KAIL-WIFE.

Ill-hanged thief! If at that time thou wentest to  
Court thou hadst been weel hanged, thou hadst not  
been here to be a pest to God's Kirk this day!

SECOND KAIL-WIFE.

Fy an' I could get the thropple<sup>1</sup> out of him!

<sup>1</sup> Throat.



[*The BISHOP OF EDINBURGH mounting the pulpit endeavours to speak, but his voice is drowned in cries of*

“A Pope! A Pope! Antichrist! Pull him down! Stone him!”

[*The windows of the Kirk are broken with stones thrown by the rabble outside, who attack the Prelates as they try to walk down the street, till they are glad to escape in Lord Roxburgh's carriage, surrounded by his retinue, with drawn swords.*

SCENE II.

*High Street, Edinburgh.*

LORD LINDSAY *and the* EARL OF HOME *returning*  
*from a Meeting of the Scottish Council.*

EARL OF HOME.

In sooth, Lindsay, that shrewd rascal of thine  
That brought the news of my Lords of Traquair  
And Roxburgh’s early rising hath weel  
Merited of his Country !

LORD LINDSAY.

Ay, beshrew  
The thirsty knave ! at two o’ the morning  
Addling his fool’s pate in Davidson’s Tavern  
With Scottish Two-penny ! Yet a good turn  
Did his knavery for once, when he owerheard  
Frae my Lord Traquair’s knave, his master’s matter.  
Marked ye our two Lords’ faces at the Cross  
Of Stirveling when the King’s Proclamation  
For instant receiving of the Service Book



Being read, we rose and in due form of law  
Protested in the name of Kirk and Country?

EARL OF HOME.

Ay, verily! that turn round Torwood wood  
In the dim of the February morning  
Served us a shrewd turn, for had they clapt eyes  
Upon us then, hardly I wot had we  
Won at the Cross of Stirveling! Heard ye word  
Of my lord the Archbishop's wrath when news  
Of that our morning's ride wan up to London?

LORD LINDSAY.

Nay, what said his Grace of Canterbury?  
An ill pill was it doubtless for him to swallow!

EARL OF HOME.

A letter, yestreen a nimble runner  
Brought me, from a good gossip at the Court,  
Saith much of my Lord Laud's anger, likewise  
Of the King's Grace's wrath, and specially  
Of what befell therefrom to the poor knave,  
Our Archie Armstrong, Fool to the King's Grace.

LORD LINDSAY.

Alack, poor Archie ! Weel do I know him !  
Fool though he be likewise is he a right  
True Scot ! Hath he too his fool's fingers brent  
In the Archbishop's fire, that hath or now  
Brent wiser folk ?

EARL OF HOME.

Ay that I wot hath he !  
As thou shalt hear. When news of our matter  
At Stirveling came to Canterbury's ears,  
Forthwith in a great low of wrath, he posts  
To the King's cabinet, and wha should run  
Up in the corridor against his Grace  
But Archie in a' his fool's toggery !  
And coming softly up behind, whispers  
He in his lug, " Wha's fule now ? Doth your Grace  
Hear the news that's come from Stirveling anent  
The Service Buik ? " With that his Grace fetched him  
A shrewd blow with his staff, but Archie joukt,  
(Like the Dean frae the Kail-wife's stool, here in  
Sanct Giles !) sae for the nonce the jaw gaed by ;  
But Archie forgat not his Grace's intent,

And when the King would have my Lord of Laud  
At dinner to say grace, Fool Archie speired  
Gin he might say it in his Grace's stead,  
Quhilk the King granting for the sport, quoth he,  
"All praise to God, little Laud to the Devil!"  
Quhilk so inflamed his Grace against him that  
He made complaint to the Council, who bade  
The poor Fool to be whipped, his motley coat  
Pulled ower his head, and he banished the Court.  
Further, my gossip doth relate how he,  
Meeting him after in a sober suit  
Of black, (he knowing not what had befallen,)  
Asked him of his Fule's coat, "Oh," quoth Archie,  
"My Lord of Canterbury hath ta'en it  
Frae me, because either himself or some  
Of the Scottish Bishops may have use o't  
Themselves; a black coat hath he given me  
To cover up my knavery withal!"

## LORD LINDSAY.

Poor knave! yet mair nor a fule's fingers hath  
The Archbishop's fire brent and for less offence!  
Ower weel do worthy Dr Leighton's cheeks

Prynne's, Bastwick's, Burton's ken the taste  
Of his Grace's branding-irons !

EARL OF HOME.

In verity !

There be that deem England no safe place now  
For men free-born ! Wha fain would worship God  
By light of His ain Word and their conscience  
Maun even cross the brine and do it wi'  
The wild beasts in the woods o' the Far West ;  
—Gif or they win, the sea swallow them not !—  
God grant the May-flower hath won safe to shore !

LORD LINDSAY.

Ay, and preserve this our poor Scottish Realm  
Frae Star-chambers and High-Commissioners,  
And frae my Lord Laud's branding-irons !—Yet  
Will Scotland sell her freedom dear ! Witness  
This gathering of nobles and gentry  
Ay, of farmers and of burghers, yea e'en  
The very serving-wenches and kail-wives  
O' the Lawn-Market !

## EARL OF HOME.

In sooth Dean Hanna  
 And my Lord Bishop had had but short shrift  
 In Sanct Giles' Kirkyard, but for the retinue  
 And coach of my Lord Roxburgh ! And heard  
 Ye how the Glasgow dames handled "Mess John,"  
 —As they ca' Mister William Annan,—when  
 He preached uphauding of the Service Buik ?  
 At him with fists and staves and peats, (nae stanes,  
 I wot his hat and coat and ruff that day  
 Saw service the last time !

## LORD LINDSAY.

The Magistrates  
 They say were fain to keep a calm sough ower  
 That matter, knowing that the Dames were all  
 Amang the chief folk o' the town !

## EARL OF HOME.

God grant  
 His grace to the Four Tables, we this day  
 Appointed for management of His Cause !

“FOR CHRIST’S CROWN AND COVENANT.” 205

Likewise a Free Parliament and a Free Assembly  
To this our poor afflicted Realm !

LORD LINDSAY.

Amen !

For in good sooth the Fiery Cross hath past  
Through all our Land, baith in its length and breadth !

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SCENE III.

*Greyfriars’ Kirk, Edinburgh, March 9, 1638.*

*An immense concourse of people filling the whole Kirk  
and Kirkyard. ARCHIBALD JOHNSTONE, a young  
Advocate, reading from a written paper.*

“Hereby we do profess, and solemnly, before God  
and His angels, and the world declare, that with our  
whole hearts we agree and do resolve, all the days of  
our life to adhere unto and defend the true Religion ;  
and to labour to restore the Gospel’s purity and lib-

erty as before late innovations it was established and professed. Likewise to stand to the defence of our dread Sovereign the King, his person and authority, both with our means and lives."

FIRST ONLOOKER (*a stranger*).

Who is't that reads?  
Somewhere I've seen that face and heard that voice.

SECOND ONLOOKER (*an Edinburgh citizen*).

'Tis very like, gif ye were at the Cross  
The day of the King's Proclamation here ;  
At that same time and place the nobles caused  
This same Archibald Johnstone to proclaim  
Their Protestation. . 'Tis the Advocate  
Most the Commissioners do trust ; 'tis said  
His pen drew up our Covenant.

FIRST ONLOOKER.

And this,  
That riseth now?

SECOND ONLOOKER.

John Campbell that of Lawer,

Whom at his Coronation the King gave  
A share in his wife’s title, Loudon now ;  
The eloquentest man among them all.  
Hist ! What says he ?

LOUDON (*speaking earnestly*).

I do beseech you as  
In God’s name, friends, that ye do keep yourselves  
Together in a Cause common to all.

SECOND ONLOOKER.

Ay, there he hits the nail upon the head !  
Keep but together and who dares to thrust  
His hand out on our Thistle ? See the folk  
Bow down their heads and sob ! This Covenant  
Will ne’er be signed with ink but with Scotland’s  
Hot tears and blood.

FIRST ONLOOKER.

Ay, faith ! frae John o’ Grots  
(Saving black Aberdeen,) to Solway’s shore !  
—Loudon sits down ; who rises now to pray,  
With yon mild, grave, strong face and pointed beard,  
And dark soft hazel eye ?—a man to mark.



## SECOND ONLOOKER.

Ay, verily ! 'Tis Mister Henderson  
From Leuchars ower the Firth ; a mighty man  
Of valour ; he that fought at Perth against  
The Articles (that thin end o' the wedge  
Of Papistry and Prelacy, in our  
Poor Kirk ;) and was of them that wrote anent  
The Perth Assembly, proving it was void ;  
Of them too who petition 'gainst the Book  
Now to Sanct Andros. Hist ! he prays ;

[MISTER HENDERSON'S *prayer ended.*

Amen ! Look what a handy forest, now  
He bids the hands that be ready to sign  
Our Covenant be raised ! Not one right hand  
But springs to meet the summons, as war-steeds  
Spring at the trumpet's call ! The heads drop *now*  
Down on the tight clasped hands, all wet with *tears*.  
Mid the deep silence nought save stifled sobs !  
Look ! there slow rises good auld Sutherland,  
And solemnly through the great multitude  
That reverently make way, the grey head moves  
To the Clerk's Table,—eldest, so the first

To sign. How the worn fingers shake that hold  
The pen, and the great tears roll slowly down  
The furrowed cheeks !—Lord ! What a shout was  
that !




—A Nation's shout of "Liberty or Death,"  
As that first name begins the mighty roll  
Of Scotland's children who for Christ His Crown  
And Covenant make oath to do or die !  
See how eyes flash through tears, and hand clasps  
hand,

And all the mighty crowd rise to their feet,  
Waiting impatient each their turn to sign,  
New eager fingers ready for the pen  
Or the last name be writ !—yet ordered all  
And solemn, as each knew, weel it may be  
*For* Death, as weel as "*till* Death," as some write !

—Now all within have signed ; See ! the Clerks bear  
The Parchment to the Kirkyard ; let us go  
And see the signing of the folk without.

They say some sixty thousand true Scots hearts  
Be gathered here from North, South, East and West,  
To add their names unto our Nation's Bond.

Why what a roar is that ! as though the sea  
Did burst its bounds and roll unto High Heaven

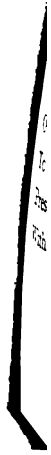
The voice of many waters,—Deep calling  
To Deep ! A sound as of a mighty host  
That shouts for victory ! 'Tis so they greet  
The Clerks that bear our Covenant.—See ! ther   
They clear the folk frae yonder flat grave-stone  
And lay the Parchment there, while young John  sto  
And Mister Henderson stand either side,  
And all the thousands come and sign and go !  
Mid sobs and tears and solemn joy.—See ! som   
Open a vein and sign with their red blood !

## FIRST ONLOOKER.

God grant these be the only tears and blood  
To wet our Covenant !

## SECOND ONLOOKER.

God grant it ! Yet  
Sairly my heart misgives, yon Bond sall be  
Wetter and redder baith or all be done !



SCENE IV.

*Glasgow, Meeting of the General Assembly,  
November 1638.*

MR ROBERT BAILLIE, *Minister of Kilwinning, and*  
MR JAMES BONAR.

BAILLIE.

Unhappy servants to so good a master !  
They cause the world suspect the King intends  
Not keeping of his word ! So negligent  
Of their most gracious Master's honour. Both  
Our Parliament and our Assembly hath  
Our sweet Prince granted at once. Argyle was  
Very plain with him, men say ; nought he  
Dissembled of our Country's grievances,  
Nor of his own full mislike of the Book,  
The Articles of Perth, Misgovernment  
O' the Bishop's ; nor yet his own resolve  
To leave the Country rather than consent  
Pressing of any, (let be of himself,)  
With these burdens against men's consciences

MR JAMES BONAR.

Yet was the Declaration of the Lord  
Commissioner but to restore Council and Session,  
With no word of our Covenant,—(whereat  
Archibald Johnstone did protest,) likewise  
At dinner afterward his Grace did cause  
Our nobles, (all save Southesk and Argyle,)  
Approve that Declaration as enough.

BAILLIE.

Ay, to our grief.

MR JAMES BONAR.

Quoth Loudon to his Grace

“We know no other band betwixt a King  
And subjects but Religion and the Laws,  
If these be broken men’s lives be not dear;  
Boasted <sup>1</sup> we will not be, such fears are past.  
Nor rested he till that subscriyved Act  
Was gotten back and rent in pieces small;  
Quhilk dealing made us speak our right from

<sup>1</sup> Threatened.

(Which the Prince may not take from us,) to keep  
Our General Assembly.

BAILLIE.

The event

I groan to think on ! 'Tis the highest string  
Yet our necessities have caused us strike !

MR JAMES BONAR.

Men say our Lord Commissioner sees not  
His godly mother, Lady Anne, and tare  
In rage, his brother's Patent for Dunbar ;  
Yet at first coming friendlier he seemed,  
At his great entry,—like a King's,—at Leith.

BAILLIE.

'Twas a great entry ! ay, and like a King's !  
Nobles and gentry of all Shires, Women  
A world, the Town of Edinburgh all  
Met at the Water-gate, and on the Links'  
Brae-side, five hundred of us ministers  
All in our Cloaks, and Mister Livingstone,  
(Strongest of voice, and most austere of face  
Among us all,) waiting to welcome him !

MR JAMES BONAR.

Yet hearing his harangue invectives held  
Against the Bishops, his Grace discharged him,  
Calling harangues in public, above his place,  
Meet only for a Prince.

BAILLIE.

Moved was his Grace  
To pity, e'en to tears, and wished the King  
Were present at that sight, of a whole Country,  
For their Religion and their Liberties,  
Beseeching so humbly and earnestly !  
Would he had his will, for evil men  
Do, on the innocent back of our Prince  
Lay their own crimes !

MR JAMES BONAR.

How lies your mind anent  
Our matters since our Lord Commissioner  
Would have the Lords of Session sign the King's  
And quit our Covenant? and when blank they  
Refused, would have Episcopacy made  
Not questionable at this Assembly?

BAILLIE.

Lately I was in mind that in *no* case  
Might any Prince have been opposed, but now  
Incline I to think otherwise ; yet much  
I dread, (gif so be that his Grace the King's  
Commissioner depart,) a field of blood,  
And thereafter a poor starved province, at  
Devotion of a faction too suspect  
Both in Law and Religion.—But in State  
Matters we meddle not, only to pray  
For our dear Father, King Charles, and our  
Poor Mother, Scotland's Kirk and Kingdom. Gif  
They should discord much blood and many tears  
'Twill cost their bairns !—God—who is Father to  
Them both, send them good greance !<sup>1</sup>

MR JAMES BONAR.

Amen !—Here

Be we at the Kirk door. How the folk throng !

*[An immense jostling crowd of ministers and  
laity pressing in at the door of the Great  
Church. Baillie and his friend nearly  
carried off their feet.]*

<sup>1</sup> Agreement.



## BAILLIE.

Here might we learn from Canterbury, yea  
From Pope or Turk or Pagan, modesty  
And manners !—At the least their reverence  
In the House they call God's, gif it stop not  
Till they adore its timber and its stones !  
So far the other way our rascals make  
Sic din and clamour in God's very House,  
That gif they minted use the like in mine  
Own chamber I were not content till they  
Were down the stairs !

[*They struggle in, and at last  
get into their places.*

At last, though sair for-foughten,<sup>1</sup>

We've entry to our rooms and get our breath !  
Let's note it weel, 'tis a rare gathering this,  
Our Kirk's First General Assembly met  
For thirty years ! See ! yonder sits his Grace,  
The King's Commissioner in his chair of State,  
And at his feet, before and on both sides,  
The chief men of the Council,—Treasurer,  
Lord Privy Seal, Argyle, Murray, Southesk,

<sup>1</sup> Out of breath.

And many moe.—At yon long table on  
The floor,—nobles, barons, commissioners  
From Presbyteries, elders of Parishes,  
Roths, Montrose, Weems, Loudon, Keir and moe,  
And round, rising up five or six degrees,  
In good commodious rooms, the chief Burgess  
Of every Burgh ; three from maist the whole  
Sixty and three of our Kirk's Presbyteries :  
The little table yonder in the midst,  
Set fore anent my Lord Commissioner,  
Is for our Moderator and the Clerk ;  
Quhilk is our learned Mister Henderson,  
(Though ill we spare his pleading, tyning so  
Our best disputer—yet none saving him  
Was found with parts for such occasion ;)   
For Clerk, a nonsuch is our Archie Johnstone !  
See how the people throng ! Young noblemen,  
Ladies and gentlewomen and the rest  
Up yonder in the vaults ! Hist ! They begin !  
First business is our auld Assemblies' Books  
That our good Archibald hath brought to light,  
Preserved in God's notable Providence,  
Despite our negligence, and the desire  
This forty years within the prelates' hearts

For covering in darkness of our auld  
 Assemblies' Records, quhilk crossed their intents !  
 Listen ! His Grace protests ! Yet with one voice  
 The whole Assembly doth accept the Books  
 As our Kirk's true authentic registers !  
 Next purpose is anent the Bishops' matter ;  
 —Of the Kirk's jurisdiction, their denial ;—  
 The Moderator doth require the voice  
 Of the Assembly. “ Gif they do find themselves  
 The Bishops' Judges ? ”—Now his Grace would have  
 The Clerk to read the King's will as subscribed  
 And signed.

[*The Clerk reads the King's Proclamation.*

Assuredly sundry things grants  
 He to our will ;—yet right security  
 Giveth of nought.

MR JAMES BONAR.

The Moderator now  
 Riseth to speak. Hist ! let us hear !

BAILLIE (*after the Moderator's speech*).

Most grave  
 Digest and learned ! a speech worthy our Cause !

Giving for the great favours of the King  
Due thanks ; telling how much we count ourselves  
Obliged in conscience to give to the King  
Even in Kirk matters ; he speaks as it  
Becomes good Christian and good subject ; yet  
"Are we the Bishops' Judges ?" aye presses  
The voicing.—Now there doth fall a sad and grave  
And sorrowful discourse ! Hear how doth break  
His Grace's voice ! The tears stand in his eyes,  
As much he saith of his sincere desire  
To serve his God, his Country, and his King,  
And of his grief yet his necessity  
To part ; seeing the spoiling of this free  
Assembly by writs from Edinburgh,  
Likewise precipitate intrusion of  
The Laick voice therein ; how he behooves  
Renew his protest in his Master's name,  
And in the names of Lords and Clergies, that  
Nought here done is lawful, and discharge them  
Further to proceed. Mark how sad a face  
Our Lord Commissioner wears in departing !

MR JAMES BONAR.

Verily,

I pity him ! Oft hath he vented not  
His wish alone, but hopes and confidence  
To sit till to some good conclusion all  
Was brought ; likewise 'twas bruited, that, will -  
Or nill he, he behoved to take this charge  
Upon him, quhilk he at the first declined,  
Fearing all utterly to lose those whom  
The least he would ; his gracious Master, or  
His native Country ; yet was no remeid  
Against the King's most peremptor demand.

## BAILLIE.

My heart pities the man, yea and his speech  
From many eyes drew water and I wot  
From mine much, seeing therein the surety  
Of tragedies inevitable ; for,  
(Other evils beside,) no means be left  
To him, for good construction of his own  
Fidelity, but offer of his service  
To overthrow his Country ; wherein gif  
He prosper, evermore will Scotland curse  
The day a child so hapless she brought forth ;  
Or gif with Fortune he unfortunate  
Should prove, that favour of his Master, ay

Ower dear, will take it wings, leaving him lone  
In seas of trouble, wherein he is like,  
From breast of any man to get small pity,  
Save from that one of Christ, who useth not  
To desert those who are of all deserted !

---

SCENE V.

*Dunse-Law, evening of June 18, 1639.*

MR ROBERT BAILLIE *and* LORD LINDSAY.

BAILLIE.

Never fand I my mind in better temper  
Than all this time frae that I came from home  
On June's first day, to this our brave rich hill  
Garnished with cannon towards the South and East,  
Where the King's camp lies glittering in the sun,  
Some six miles off on other side the Tweed,  
In yon fair plain along the river bank.  
God's favour have I fand shining on me,  
Yea a most strong and vehement, yet sweet

And humble Spirit leading me ; for I  
Have been as one who hath ta'en leave of all  
The World, in this service resolved to die  
Without return. Now all hath end ! This eve  
The last whereon our sweet Dunse-Law shall hear  
Singing of Psalm, or words of Holy Writ,  
Or voice of prayer from out our sojourns' huts ;  
Or see our flags,—with this ditton stamped round  
Our Lion, " For Christ's Crown and Covenant,"  
In golden letters,—'fore each Captain's tent ;  
Or our great little, crooked General  
At e'en ride from the Castle at its foot,  
With Bayley, his Lieutenant, through the Guard,  
(Hope's Musketeers and Durie's,) well apparelled  
Standing with matches cocked, before his gate ;  
Nor will Argyle's uncanny trews-men fright,  
(Though few,) England's admiring gaze with targe,  
And plaid, and dorch ! At the morrow's morn  
(Articles of Pacification read,)  
We fire our huts, strike Standards, go our ways,  
And thank God for this bloodless victory !

LORD LINDSAY.

Think ye the King means faithfully? Men say

Argyle got but cold welcome when he went  
With other of our nobles to their camp,  
To kiss the King's hand ; and 'twas thought contrar  
His mind was Hamilton's advice to let  
Loudon's protest against the Bishops as  
Members of our Assembly, go with all  
The rest. The folk of Edinburgh grieve  
To see their Castle to Ruthven rendered,  
Whom sore they hate ; nor comes—ere it break up—  
The King's Grace, as he promised, to our Camp ;  
Nor mints he to stir from our Borders, quhilk  
Makes many much suspect that nought is sought  
But to gain time for in-coming of more  
English and Irish to his help ; and that  
Our tenderness unto his honour—quhilk,  
At Robin Leslie's word, gart us renew  
Our supplication, rather than compel  
The King's Grace granting of our just demands,—  
Was to our own undoing.

BAILLIE.

Nay, joyful  
At heart am I of this divine conclusion !  
Gin we had been ten times victorious



In battles set, still our conclusion was  
At the King's feet to have laid down our arms,  
And on our knees presented nought but our  
First supplications. No crowns did we seek,  
Aimed at no lands nor honours ; we desired  
But, as our forbears did, to keep our own  
In service of our Prince. Were our throne voiced,  
And voices sought for filling Fergus' Chair,  
We would have died ere any other had  
Sat down upon its fatal marble save  
Charles alone ;—for aye the longer still  
The better loved is our sweet Prince, as one  
Most just, most reasonable and most sweet.  
Much and most free communing hath there been,  
—'Tis like his Majesty's ears ne'er had been  
Tickled with such discourses !—yet was he  
Of all most patient, and of clear reason,  
Loving,—enamoured much likewise of us,  
Of Mister Henderson and Loudon maist.  
—What had we done had we to Tweedside come?  
Wilful, to hazard of his person, might  
The King have been ; had he brooked any skaith,  
Or been disgraced with shameful flight, our hearts  
Had broke for it !—I bless God He hath sent

In so fit time, a tolerable peace !  
Comic catastrophe be our Dunse-Law,  
Of our most fearful-like Episcopal  
Tragedy !

—Nathless not yet have we got  
Orders to make our solemn thanksgiving !  
Yea some clouds still stick in our air ; so will  
We keep at home till after Parliament,  
All of our Countrymen,—soldiers who left  
Their charges, to their own exceeding loss,  
To help their boasted <sup>1</sup> Mother-Kirk and Country ;  
The quhilk our Nation never can repay.

<sup>1</sup> Threatened.



## ACT III.

### *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

CHARLES II.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

LORD NAPIER.

LORD OGILVY.

Sir GEORGE STIRLING of Keir.

Mister ALEXANDER HENDERSON, Minister of Leuchars.

Sir JAMES ROLLOCK.

The EARL OF LOUDON, Lord Chancellor.

The MARCHIONESS OF ARGYLE.

The LADY LOUDON.

Mistress ROBERT BAILLIE.

Mister PATRICK GILLESPIE, Minister of Kirkcaldy.

Three Soldiers of the Scots Army at Newcastle.

Three Onlookers at Proclamation of Charles II. as King, at  
Cross of Edinburgh.



ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Camp of the Scottish Army at Newcastle. Three  
Soldiers sitting over their Camp fire.*

FIRST SOLDIER.

WERT at the bonny bonfire on Dunse-Law that  
June nicht when we fired our huts?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Na, I be but a raw recruit frae the plough's tail,  
as mony ither a good fellow here, and little stomach  
hae I yet for swords and pikes and sic-like devil's  
tools! A plough noo turning up the sweet yearth  
after rain, and me whistling ahint the bonny beasts  
o' a bright breezy morning,—that's my trade! Wad  
I were back at it on Solway-side! But when the ill

news cam, that the King, (for a' his word,) was marching back again at bidding o' the Bishops, ilk auld wife bode<sup>1</sup> up wi shears and bodkins in Stranraer, to help our Covenant! Sic bales o' claith they wove upon their wheels to theek<sup>2</sup> our tents here! Sic stocking-feet o' merks frae 'neath their beds they brocht our Minister! I mind he grat when ane o' them, Marget Jamie they ca' her, laid down her posy, —shillings seventy-twa and ae braid piece o' gowd!— and when he speired how she was aught<sup>3</sup> sae muckle siller, and she a poor man's wife, she said, "'Twas gathered for my ain young dochter's tocher;<sup>4</sup> the Lord has taen her, sae He sall hae her tocher too." And weel I wot a man that pits his hand to plough in His quarrel, daurna look back!

## THIRD SOLDIER.

My certes na! Shentlemans look not back! Yet wad a shentleman have thought that bonny June night when we set our huts a-low at the good shentleman, General Leslie's word—(a right true shentleman is he, and a worthy, howbeit his stature be not as that of Saul among the Prophets!) could ony shentle-

<sup>1</sup> Must.<sup>2</sup> Thatch.<sup>3</sup> Owned.<sup>4</sup> Portion.

man have thought, say I, or other summer past that same goot shentleman the General with all the other goot shentlemans his soldiers wad be camped on the bonny Dunse-Law again in the same matters, for all the King's word of a shentleman?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Saw ye Montrose, how gallantly he rode first through the Tweed, wi a's men at his back?

THIRD SOLDIER.

Tweed swallowed ane!  
'Tis an ill-omen, say we shentlemen of Argyle!

FIRST SOLDIER.

Tush! be'st thou o' the whisperers that look wi' doubting een on our young brave Montrose? Threip-ing<sup>1</sup> the man is double and hath hid and secret dealings with the King his Grace? Lies kythed<sup>2</sup> of their ill minds! Our gracious King,—though doubtless misled by that blear-eyed Laud, and ither of like kidney,—hatches nae plots! Have ye not heard how sweet a conference he held at London with our

<sup>1</sup> Saying constantly.

<sup>2</sup> Bred.



Mister Henderson? And for the gallant Graham, *his* mettle's kent, proved in fu' mony a fight! At Aberdeen, at the sword's point he thrust our Covenant down malignant throats, as gallantly as his was the first foot in England ower the Tweed; out on all knaves whose ill-tongues whisper "fause"!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Yet hath the King's Grace ance again proclaimed us rebels since we crossed the Tweed! The brows o' mony lower, and maist o' them maist sib<sup>1</sup> in kith or kindness wi' James Graham! Fleming, his cousin; Drummond, his bedfellow; his ally Boyd! Men say our General in the Committee's face did charge him wi' letters sent privily to the King. Our Preachers' diligence and the cold of our great little General did shortlie cast water on this spunk that began to reek, else had been flame or lang! "Pride goes afore a fall," so saith the Word; through pride 'twas the deils fell, and proud as ony deil the gallant Graham!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Ay, shentlemen do say the Lord Montrose liketh

<sup>1</sup> Related.

not of the goot shentleman our General's command !  
nor loves, as we shentlemen of Argyle, our great  
MacCallum More !

FIRST SOLDIER.

On guard was I yon day the King's Grace dined,  
here in our General's house, upon his way to Edin-  
burgh :—maist pleasantly and sweet he spake to all,  
nane that had converse with him but wad die or  
they mistrust sae sweet a King ! Sairly men err,  
dividing not betwixt our gracious King and wicked  
Councillors ! And now in Edinburgh, men do say,  
our good Mister Henderson, baith morning and night  
before the supper, prays and reads the Word and  
sings King David's Psalms there in the Palace, and  
the King maist graciously hears all ;—Argyle himself  
did welcome him ! In sooth not far his sweet Grace  
frae the Kingdom !

SECOND SOLDIER.

Sae may God grant ! 'Tis a strange tale nathless  
that, my Lord o' Loudon's knave frae London brocht !  
Hoo his master, sent wi' our Assembly's griefs to lay  
afore the Throne, straight was he clapt within the

Tower, charged wi' High Treason ! Nay the whisper ran, Sir William Balfour, at three o' the clock afternoon, command had o' the King's Grace, or nine next morning, should Earl Loudon's head be struck aff ! Ay, and the King stormed and swore roundly in his bed, or he, at Hamilton's maist urgent warning, tore sullenly the death-warrant ! Sae his knave, with him in London, (being sib to me,) doth sure asseverate : and all men ken in Edinburgh, hoo in her ain person his good ladye did in the Parliament petition help to her dear Lord in peril of his life within the Tower ;—yet as a true Scots dame, did qualify the same, praying the Lords, first to regard the weal o' Kirk and Country, or thinking on the plight o' her dear Lord ! Likewise, lies not the Lord Montrose e'en noo in ward in Edinburgh Castle, on the count o' letters o' the King's Grace sent to him, found sewn in saddle o' Traquhair's knave, Stewart ?

## THIRD SOLDIER.

Ay and indeed ? and came there not a right goot shentleman of great MacCallum More's here yesterday at e'en, with word how his goot master with Hamilton

and Lanerick have taen but short goot night of the King's Grace, by reason of a plot brought to their ears by a goot shentleman of Argyle, betwixt the King's Grace and the Lord Montrose to lay them in a ship at Leith, and to its prisoner render up the Castle?

FIRST SOLDIER.

My ain een first mon see, or I can think, the gallant Graham and our sweet King be knaves!

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SCENE II.

*Banks of the Forth at Stirveling Bridge.*

MONTROSE (*alone, humming to himself*).

“As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone,  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival in my throne.”

Argyle first in their counsels! the crook-backed  
Little Leslie in the Field! Montrose, what

Place for thee? Lieutenant 'neath the Crook-back?  
Councillor after Argyle? Nay my friends,  
It suits not with the mettle of Montrose!  
I signed your Covenant,—at sword's point thrust  
It on black Aberdeen!—but *first*, Montrose  
Or nowhere! Seek your Lieutenants elsewhere!  
Whate'er his Cause, chief Captain is Montrose!  
Yet haste, good Mister Alexander, glad  
James Graham awaits your coming for solving  
His doubts of Conscience! Innocent, good man!  
So shall he pump thee, find thy secrets, all  
The Covenanters' purposes and plans!  
How shouldst thou hide them? Thy transparent  
soul,  
Clear as these limpid waters of the Forth,  
That all things mirror this still eve of June!  
— Then with them to the King!— 'Tis true *the*  
Queen  
Slighted me late at York, despised Montrose,  
Made Hamilton her Councillor, sent him  
To work in Scotland for the King!—Yet weel  
I wot his desperate straits or lang, will send  
His Majesty back to Montrose who fights,  
While Hamilton protests! Desperate his Cause!

"FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT." 237

Dear just *because* 'tis desperate, to Montrose !  
Glory or Death, nor mickle reck's he which !

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all !"

Here come my Lords Napier and Ogilvy  
And worthy George of Keir :—"Twas a wise thought,  
Montrose, to call them here as witnesses,  
Lest that the King mistrust thy conference  
With poor good Henderson, King o' the Covenant !

[*Enter the LORDS NAPIER and OGILVY and*

SIR GEORGE STIRLING *of Keir*.

Good even, gentlemen, Montrose must e'en  
Act host and bid welcome to Banks of Forth !

SIR GEORGE STIRLING.

Good even to the gallant Graham !

LORDS NAPIER AND OGILVY.

God speed

The brave Montrose !

## MONTROSE.

Yonder he comes across  
The Bridge, our learnèd Mister Henderson,  
And with him Rollock my good-brother, now  
Argyle's good-brother likewise. Both be come  
For solving of the doubts that daunt Montrose!

[*Enter MR ALEXANDER HENDERSON*

*and SIR JAMES ROLLOCK.*

Welcome good Mister Alexander, you  
Too good brother George! These banks of Forth  
Make sweet withdrawing-room this still June eve  
As ever ladye's Bower! The river's glass  
Doubles the glories of the yellow whin  
And broom and milk-white thorn so close that grow  
Upon its edge, and what a carpet makes  
This green-sward spangled ower with butter-cup  
And gowan! What ceiling like yon blue vault  
Ower-head? What music like the linties' tunes  
In ilka brake, or June be past and come  
The time to warm their nest and quit their sangs?  
Right happy deems himself Montrose, that here  
The learnèd Mister Henderson deigns come

For solving of his doubts,—a man on whose  
Wisdom, fidelity, and honesty  
So sure he can rely, in matters how  
Weighty soever. For some time by-past  
Quiet hath he lived at home, (so to remove  
Jealousies of his foes, some differences  
Have late engendered); hence knoweth he nought  
Anent your late Convention ;—at loss thus  
In this so ticklish time, how it behoves  
Him act, and therefore seeks his guidance whom  
Most he may trust ; for whilk cause now he prays  
Good Mister Henderson freely to speak  
What 'tis designed to do.

MR ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

Right glad am I  
To welcome back our gallant brave Montrose  
To the good Cause of Kirk and Covenant !  
Much grief it hath been unto many hearts  
To doubt his fealty, greater now the joy  
To know our doubts unjust ; in proof whereof  
Freely I trust his honour with the plans  
Resolved at our Convention. Since no help  
There seems, save that, or ruin of our Cause,



(Whilk Cause is Christ's,) though with sair gr~~ave~~<sup>ef</sup> of  
heart,

Determined 'tis to levy a great force,  
To aid our English brethren, and to march  
Forthwith against the King.—God save his Gra~~ve~~<sup>ce</sup>,  
And from ill counsel turn his princely heart!—  
For every man of us, in both his realms,  
Is full resolved to die rather than yield  
In this Cause, (whilk is Christ's); and if so be  
Our brave Commander late, the Lord Montrose  
Will, as afore his word was, lead our van,  
Then hearty thanks will I return to God  
That His poor Preacher He doth honour thus  
In work so great to mediate, and weel  
Am I assured nought that Montrose shall ask  
Shall be denied of our Convention.

MONTROSE (*to Sir George Rollock*).

George,  
Sib long to me, through my dear sister dead,  
Thy first sweet Dame, and Argyle's brother now,  
Be thou spokesman betwixt us. Let me wot  
Gif worthy Mister Henderson doth make

These offers of his ain good will, or gives  
In name of the Convention ?

SIR GEORGE ROLLOCK.

Doubtless, Sir,  
Good Mister Alexander hath the mind  
Of the Convention,—speaketh in its name.

MR ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

Nay, good my Lord, I speak but as I deem ;  
Yet never doubt but the Convention will  
Bear out my utmost word.

MONTROSE.

Never Montrose  
Makes bargain in sic wise with private folk,  
Without the public faith to lean upon  
Ahint them ! Good Mister Henderson, mickle  
It irks Montrose to say thee nay, yet no  
Conclusion may he make with private man,  
Even wi' sic man as Mister Henderson.  
—Good e'en good friends and comrades ane and all !  
The shades begin to fall e'en on this night

O' June when days are langest, and afar  
Montrose maun be or midnight!—Fare ye weel!

[*He mounts his horse, muttering  
as he rides away—*

I could not lie straight in his simple face  
With promise false of help,—though wiser mayhap!  
—Now to the King at Oxford with their news!

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### SCENE III.

*House of Mistress Robert Baillie, wife of the  
Minister of Kilwinning.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF ARGYLE, THE LADY  
LOUDON, MISTRESS ROBERT BAILLIE.

THE LADY ARGYLE.

Good Mistress Baillie, thou hast news anon  
Frae thy dear spouse in London. How goes all?  
What saith he of the King's Grace' dispositions?  
Will he accept the Propositions o'  
The Parliament?

MISTRESS BAILLIE.

Nay, good my Ladye, that no man  
May tell—so writes my minister.—Much talk  
There is, he saith, of the King’s obstinacy :  
Gif he wad do his duty, spite all knaves,  
All in one moment would go right, he deems.  
By God’s help will they try to make him take  
The Covenant, and follow to the full  
His Parliament’s advice, gif he do so  
Expect a happy issue, but gif so be  
That God hath hardened him, the Parliament  
Will strive to have him in their power to make  
Example of him. Yea, my master saith  
He doth abhor to think what they do speak,  
—Even of his execution ! Nay, diverse  
Of whom he least expected it, are for  
Putting away of the whole royal race !

LADYE ARGYLE.

May God forfend !

MISTRESS BAILLIE.

Very pathetic writes

The King for peace. Yea five or six times writ  
Or answer came,—and then a cold one.  
That Parliament conceived not for his good  
Nor for his people's that he to London come,  
Till first he grant the Propositions.  
Not all the Royalists in Scotland could  
Have pleaded for the Crown and King's just power  
As did the Chancellor and Warristone  
For many days together, so he saith.

## LADYE LOUDON.

My noble Lord ! Little ill-will he bears  
For his so deadly peril in the Tower !  
When he was sent to lay the Assembly's griefs  
Before the Throne, and but for warning sharp  
Of my Lord Hamilton, the King had struck  
His head off !

## THE LADYE ARGYLE.

Sore truly was his peril !  
Most Christianly Lord Loudon doth forgive !

## LADYE LOUDON.

Think ye 'tis true, what darkly many whisper

The King's ain hands be not ower clean of that  
Ulster Deil's-orgy made our blood run cold?  
—Women ripped up, bairns thrown unto the swine,  
Men hung up by the hands and lashed to death  
To see how many blows an Englishman  
Could bear or he quite died?—My good Lord  
Did write me privily the rebels brought  
Commission with the King's broad seal to it,  
As warrant for their crimes; and certain 'tis  
The King's Grace did, under the Great Seal, give  
Commission to their leaders to take arms.

THE LADYE ARGYLE.

Ower-like 'tis true! Why not with Antrim when  
He traffics with Montrose? We had a taste  
Of these same Irish devils in Argyle,  
Joined with the Highland kernes of the fause Graham!  
The bonny ricks and wee theekt biggings<sup>1</sup> brent,  
And ilka gallant Campbell lad they caught  
In cold blood murdered! till a desert all  
Bonny Argyle! And when my noble Lord,  
Hasting to help his slaughtered Highland folk,  
Fell from his horse, and hurted sore could use

<sup>1</sup> Thatched cottages.

Nor sword nor pistol, was of his good friends  
At Inverlochy forced into his boat,  
Men called him coward, and said he fled the fray!  
—Waur still that devil of Montrose and his  
Wild Irish dealt at Abirdene—"To kill  
And none to spare," the cruel fiend bade, and weel  
The word suited their Irish stomachs! Nought,  
Men say, was heard but howlings pitiful,  
And crying through the streets for four full days!  
Nor let they e'en the Dead be buried, but  
Territ<sup>1</sup> their claithes and let them naked lie;  
Nor daured wife weep her husband, nor mother  
Her son or presently they too were slain!  
So in the King's Cause fights that Fiend James  
Graham!

## MISTRESS BAILLIE.

Never man did the King waur service than  
Montrose, so saith my minister, flattering  
His madness which confounds them all. Men say  
At Philiphaugh 'mang his papers was found  
A letter he writ to the King, that turned  
His Grace's heart, all in one woeful night,

<sup>1</sup> Tore off.

Frae what had brought him peace ! At supper all  
At the Royal table were right gay at heart,  
The King conceding all ; and when he ’plained  
Of badness of the wine, quoth ane, “ We trust  
Your Majesty will better drink or lang  
With the Lord Mayor at Guildhall.” That same  
night

Montrose’s letter came, writ to the King  
After his woeful victory at Kilsyth :  
“ Give me but leave,” he writ, “ when I have brought  
This country from Dan to Beersheba,  
Unto your Majesty’s obedience, then,  
As David’s General to his master said,  
Say I to the King’s grace, “ Come thou thyself,  
Lest by my name this land be called.”—Next morn  
Utterly was the king’s mind changed, nocht wad  
He cede !—My minister aye threips Montrose  
’Tis, that will prove fatal unto the King,  
Buoying him up with lying promises  
Unto his undoing !

THE LADYE ARGYLE.

Thinks he, the king  
Will grant the Propositions ?



## MISTRESS BAILLIE.

Ay, ower late!

Aye hath it been, he saith, his constant ill  
Nothing to give in time, all things he gives  
At last, but ever he hath lost the thanks,  
His gifts account extorted and constrained.  
To William Murray o' the King's Bedchamber  
"As you would thankful to your Master be  
For all his favours, now flatter him not  
Unto his ruin;" so he writ:—for great  
My husband's love and pity for this poor  
Perishing Prince. "The king's madness," he saith,  
"Confounds us all."

## THE LADYE ARGYLE.

In Ireland my good Lord,  
For men to cast the traitors from Argyle.  
Sae scant my news frae Court;—tells he aught,  
Good Mister Baillie, of the King's coming  
To our Scots' Army?

## MISTRESS BAILLIE.

That he doth! The Van

' the Army o' the Parliament was close  
 n Oxford. At midnight rode three men forth  
 'he toun, one in a groom's garb, porte-mantle  
 hint him on the saddle ;—'twas the King,  
 'arson Hudson, and Ashburnham his man.  
 'arly of a May morn, nine days thereafter,  
 Into our camp at Kelham came the King ;  
 With all honour, as meet, received he was,  
 On his knees did our General present  
 His sword. The King himself at first wad fain  
 'lay General, giving the watchword, but  
 uld Leslie told him in his hamely way,  
 'eing the older soldier he would spare  
 His Majesty that fash !<sup>1</sup> Men suspect,—sae  
 laith my Minister, the Scots o' plotting  
 His coming to our Army, but in truth  
 'ever anent it had we dealings with  
 The King. Had he not feared, either to be  
 Clapped in perpetual prisonment, or  
 Execute, gif in Oxford taen, ne'er nigh  
 Js had he come ! Gif he will not return  
 Upon just terms, what to do with him, weel  
 They cannot tell ;—the leading party nought

<sup>1</sup> Trouble.

So much desire as that he should refuse  
The Propositions of the Parliament,  
So they may deal with him as they have mind.  
“Gif that man goeth now to tinkle on  
Bishops, Delinquants, and such foolish joys,  
It seemeth he is mad !” sae Robert writes.

## LADYE LOUDON.

Sorely is Scotland struck, both with the Pest  
And sword. Hard is't to understand the Lord's  
Dealings with her ! Surely He meaneth not  
Her to destroy, maintaining His ain Cause?

## THE LADYE ARGYLE.

What saith thy Minister, of Cromwell's Sect?  
And likewise of the man ?

## MISTRESS BAILLIE.

The man he holds a wise and active head,  
Weel-loved of all, and as religious as  
He's stout : but for the Independants, they  
Do deviate more and more, he saith, towards  
Errors baith auld and new ; especially  
To Liberty of Conscience, saying all,

To publicly profess their conscience, should  
Be let, and live according thereunto,  
Weren't never so erroneous, so thereby  
They trouble not the public peace. E'en Jews  
And Papists, Turks and Infidels! "Beware"  
Saith he "Of that pernicious liberty  
To all!"

THE LADYE ARGYLE.

Here comes a runner frae Argyle!  
God grant he bears good news o' my dear Lord!  
[*Enter a Highland gillie with letters.*  
Hast letters, Donald? Void thy scrip in haste!

DONALD.

My Ladye of Argyle we deemed not here!  
My Lord's ain man swift as a deer doth run  
To Inverara ower the heather hills  
Wi' Argyle's budget;—for Mistress Baillie these,  
Through favour of the Ladye of Argyle.

THE LADYE ARGYLE.

Alack! and must I wait my dear Heart's words  
Frae Inverara back-coming! Break seal,  
Good Mistress Baillie!—How goes all?

MISTRESS BAILLIE (*reading from a letter*).

"MY HEART,—The King's answer hath broke our hearts! Afraid are we of the hardness of God's decrees against that madman. After all possible endeavours, unanimous of all, Scots, English, French, the King the Propositions hath refused! On Monday come the Chancellor and Argyle, with them England's Commissioners; we do fear sad votes in the Houses after their report. Our aim will be to hold them back from sudden measures. Very long time they take to smallest things, yet I fear they be too quick disposing of the King! Many do think his obstinacy judicial, as if he were, in God's justice, bound himself to destroy. Mister Henderson lies dying at Newcastle—mostly of heart-break.—Grief and anxiety makes me cut off.

Farewell my dearest heart."

## THE LADYE ARGYLE.

Alack, poor Charles!  
Whom the gods ruin, they do first make mad!

SCENE IV.

*Committee of Estates and Crowd at the Cross of  
Edinburgh, Monday, February 5, 1649.*

LOUDON THE CHANCELLOR (*in robe of black  
velvet, reading proclamation*).

"Hereby do we proclaim Charles the Second by the Grace of God, King of Brittain, France, and Ireland—but likewise that before being admitted to the exercise of his royal power, he shall give satisfaction in those things that concern the Security of Religion according to the National Covenant and Solemn League and Covenant.—"God save the King!"

*The great Concourse echoing*

"God save the King! God save the King!"

FIRST ONLOOKER.

Ay, save him from the bloody murderers  
That slew his sire! Hast heard how Pride did purge  
The Parliament that voted him to death?

Not one good Presbyterian there—thank God!  
Sectaries to a man! Forty staunch members  
Laid by the heels in prison,—some hundred  
Turned frae the door by soldiers' pikes! The Rump,  
So shorn of honourable men, 'twas voiced  
His death.

## SECOND ONLOOKER.

Surely a bloody murder! Weel  
For Scotland she hath had nae hand in it!  
And now she first proclaims his son her King.

## THIRD ONLOOKER.

Yet be there reservations in the deed!  
Or he, Charles the Second, King by Grace  
Of God, shall exercise his royal power,  
First maun he sign our Nation's Covenant,  
Likewise that Solemn League and Covenant  
His father bogled at. Think ye he'll sign?

## FIRST ONLOOKER.

God grant it! for no King will Scotland brook  
Save murdered Charles' son! The Prince is young,  
But eighteen summers ower his bonny brow,

ie will have good guidance ; wise Argyle,  
Loudon here, and mony a godly Preacher,  
ough Mister Alexander rests with God,  
efore we thank Him,) or this dismal day.

THIRD ONLOOKER.

l tongues threip we Scots did sell our King,  
acred person who did trust with us,  
ng for refuge to our Army ; gave  
back for England's Parliament to slay !  
s an ill-sounding that Malignants' rhyme,

"Traitor Scot  
Sold his king for a groat."

ye how verily the matter stands ?

FIRST ONLOOKER.

st malignant Malignants' Rhyme !  
etter of it true ! At his ain choice  
the King's Grace to Holmby House, when our  
did England quit, with guarantees,  
baith the Houses of his Parliament,  
afety of his person, full and sure ;  
or the six and thirty carts o' cash



The vile Malignants ca' the price o' blood,  
'Twas but arrears of our poor soldiers' pay,  
—Nor yet one-fourth their due,—agreed five months  
Afore or ever the King's Grace left us  
At Newcastle.

## SECOND ONLOOKER.

Thank God nae kindly Scot  
Doth bear the wyte of our poor Prince's blood!  
Men say he made a very gracious end?

## FIRST ONLOOKER.

O' that be sure! Whate'er our Prince's faults  
Ever he bore him kingly. Aye a Stuart  
Kens how to die! "Nought in their life," as hath  
Good Master Shakespeare, oft "becomes them as  
The leaving it." His father, honest man,  
Died in his bed; but grandly, afore him,  
(For all a Papist,) did his grand-dame lay  
Her head upon the block at Fotheringay.

## SECOND ONLOOKER.

'Twas but the soldiers shouted,—so say they  
That brought the news yestreen,—all other burst

Out into tears and lamentations, when  
The black-masked executioner held up  
The bloody head on the black scaffold 'fore  
The Whitehall Banquet House ; and when they read  
His deed o' accusation in the Court,  
As in the name o' England's people, then  
A woman's voice cried frae the galleries,  
“Not the tenth part o' them !” ('Tis said the  
voice  
Was of my Lady Fairfax.) This foul deed  
Is not the English people's,—nor the Scots',—  
But General Cromwell's and his Sectaries',  
And the docked Rump of the poor Parliament  
Beneath their Army's thumb !

THIRD ONLOOKER.

'Tis rumoured that  
The letter Cromwell found at the Blue Boar  
In Holborn, (where, as private soldier, he  
Went with a single friend,) sewn in a saddle,  
So to be sent to the Queen's Majesty  
In France, wherein the King bade her be easy  
What concessions soever he might grant,  
For when the time came right weel did he ken

To treat these rogues, and for a silken garter  
To fit them wi' a hempen halter, was  
His undoing.

FIRST ONLOOKER.

How dismal sad is this  
Proclaiming the young King! His father's corpse  
Yet bloody at Whitehall; and all hearts here  
But yester e'en broke wi' the doleful news!  
The very Heralds' Trumpets seem to sound  
Gloomy forebodings! Our eloquent Loudon,  
In his black velvet robes, scarce choking down  
His tears, to find a voice to name him King!  
Our grim Gillespie Gromach, grimmer yet  
Sae haggard and sae pale, belike in this  
Sae lurid sunset's blood-red light forgies  
E'en the Engagers! Our worthy Ministers  
In their black gowns, stand all downcast and sad;  
E'en the crowd's half-voiced cheers sob-stifled die!  
May God from our young Prince avert its omens!

SCENE V.

*Dumfermline, August 1650.*

CHARLES II. (*alone, reading from letters and papers*).

"MY LORD, — I intreat you to go on vigorously and with your wonted courage and care in the prosecution of those trusts I have committed to you, and not to be startled with any reports you may hear, as if I were otherwise inclined to the Presbyterians than when I left you. I assure you I am upon the same principles I was, and depend as much as ever upon your undertakings and endeavours for my service, being fully resolved to assist and support you therein to the uttermost of my power, as you shall find in effect, when you shall desire anything to be done by,

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

"ST GERMAN'S Sept. 10, 1649."

(*Reading from another paper.*)

"So they now begin with his Majesty upon the

same scores they left with his father, declaring him King *with provisos*; so robbing him of all right, while they would seem to give some unto him."

'Twas thus I wrote to James Graham of Montrose  
Not yet a year by-gone, and thus he made  
His declaration of my kingly rights,  
Against this vile Committee of Estates,  
And snivelling Psalm-singers, their Preachers!—  
'Lack!

My trusty servant and to what end brought!  
When that news came to Breda then I knew  
No hope save sign their canting Covenant!  
Poor James! it was a desperate emprise!  
But trusting aye his lying witches' word,  
He deemed himself invincible, with his  
Poor hundred Swedes, Germans, raw Orkney men,  
And those wild boon-fellows Sibbald and Hay,  
Urry and Harry Graham, reckless to share  
With brave Montrose his fortunes or his fate!  
When all was lost he threw his cloak away  
That bore the Garter's Star my father gave,  
His sword likewise, then left his horse behind,

And changing clothes with bare-legged Highland  
kerne,

Three days or four he hid among the wilds,  
Meatless and drinkless,—but Assint sold him !  
'Tis said ransom he offered,—then would die  
By their hands who had taen him,—all in vain !  
At Southesk's house he bade them bring his bairns,  
Yet none saw change of face !—Then on a day  
Of May at four hours of the afternoon  
The truckling Covenanting Magistrates  
And Hangman met him at the Watergate ;  
And bare-head fastened on a cart with cords,  
(Hangman for Coachman, with his bonnet on,  
And gallows livery,) drove him through the town,  
His declaration tied about his neck.

Never a word he said, save he was sorry  
That in him the King's Majesty so sore  
Should be dishonoured ! At seven o' the clock,  
When by the Prison gate they set him down,  
He gave the Hangman money, saying he  
Reckoned that cart as his triumphal car ;  
And when the ministers would question him,  
Refused all answers till he knew what terms  
They stood on with the King, his royal Master !

Poor faithful James ! prouder to have his head,  
Be-combed and curled, (he told sour Warristone  
While 'twas his own he would dress and adorn,  
To-morrow when it should be theirs they might  
Do with it as they would ! ) fixed on Tolbooth,  
In witness of his loyalty to his King,  
Than golden statue in the Market-place,  
Or picture hung in the King's Bed-chamber !  
And so in cloak of scarlet trimmed with gold,  
And locks be-combed and curled, a gallant gentleman,  
He went unto his death leaving his King  
Bereft ! What for it then but swallow down  
Their hateful Covenant !—Oh scrupulous  
They be these snivelling hypocrites !—Have qualms !  
Scarce Mister Livingstone was brought, it seems,  
Aboard my ship at Tarhay, his mind bent  
Backward to Rotterdam, saying he had  
No light to go aboard seeing he feared  
They took the Plague of God to Scotland ! 'Guiled  
There at last of Cassilis and Hutchison !  
—At the Spey's mouth maun pause or put the Test,  
Until assured anent the King's sincerity !  
The rest ower-ruled him, would the written bond !  
A Covenanted King ! Ye have it, sirs !

“FOR CHRIST’S CROWN AND COVENANT.” 263

Rest ye content ! What, doubtful yet ? Would have  
Further a Declaration I lament  
My father’s opposition, and renounce  
Baith Popery and Prelacy ? How doth  
It run ?

*[Taking up a paper and reading from it.]*

“No enemies will I have save  
Enemies of the Covenant, no friends  
Save of the Covenant friends !” Oh rest content !  
Your Camel swallowed, Charles scarce strains at  
gnats !

Here comes Mister Gillespie, pen in hand !

*[Enter MR PATRICK GILLESPIE and  
other leaders of the Covenanters.]*

Welcome good Mister Patrick, and ye all  
My Ministers, faithful and vigilant  
Upholders of the Covenant ! Ye come  
With your ain een to see, with his ain hand  
Your King subscribe your Declaration ?

MR PATRICK GILLESPIE.

My Liege, it is our mission, yet if sae be  
That in your soul and conscience ye be not  
Beyond all hesitation satisfied



Of the subscription's righteousness, sae far  
From over-driving of your Majesty  
In this, I do obtest and charge you, in  
My Master's name, not to subscribe, no not  
For the three Kingdoms !

## CHARLES II.

Mister Gillespie, Mister Gillespie  
Satisfied I am, therefore will subscribe.

[MR GILLESPIE *puts the pen in the King's  
hand, who subscribes the Declaration.*

ACT IV.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

**Covenanting Family in hiding towards the close of  
“the Killing Time.”**



ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Covenanter's family in hiding in a cave on the Solway  
shore, in the wilds of Galloway.*

FATHER, MOTHER, BOY, GIRL, and *Baby*  
*at the breast.*

Boy.

MITHER, its awfu' dark in here and cauld,  
And see the water draps down ower the moss  
And wee ferns in the roof! I'm feart at nichts  
To hear the howlets hoot, and the big waves  
Roaring amang the rocks! And ye've nae bed  
For our 'wee Meg but the green brackens me  
And Jean pu' in the Laird's woods; can we no  
Gang hame, and pit her in her wooden crib

Aside the peat fire, syne she'll sleep and no  
Greet a' the nicht, and keep ye dawting<sup>1</sup> her?

GIRL.

Hoots, Will! div ye no ken we daurna bide  
At hame in our ain wee theeked cottage on  
The Merse, for Lag or Clavers' troopers wad  
Shoot's a' in our beds?

Boy.

What wad thay shoot's for?

We've done nae ill.

GIRL.

Laddie, div ye no ken  
Faither and Mither be Conventiclars  
And gang to hear the outed ministers  
Preach on the moss: sae ae day Lag's men cam  
And thirled up our thack,<sup>2</sup> and pit their swords  
Through Mither's feather-bed, seeking for them  
To shoot: but being His folk, Jesus took  
Tent to them,<sup>3</sup> Mither says, for Faither was  
Frae hame, (sae kind He was,) and Mither hid  
Wi' wee Meg in our Brownie's byre aneath

<sup>1</sup> Petting.

<sup>2</sup> Turned up our thatch.

<sup>3</sup> Care of them.

he strae, and we were at the schule, sae Lag  
aed by for that time ; but we daurna bide  
Or him or Clavers coming back again.

BOY.

ut wad they shoot us, Faither, gif they cam?

FATHER.

y, lad, that wad they ! Mony a better man  
and woman too they've shot upon the moss.  
and mony an ane forbye, in Edinburgh's  
brassmarket's sealed their testimony wi'  
their blood. Gudewife, ye've store o' ballants coft <sup>1</sup>  
rae the auld blind Covenanting Chapman, <sup>2</sup>  
et's while awa' the darkening wi' grand words  
o' them that's gane afore, and kept the faith,  
and learn the bairns hoo God's ain folk can dee.

MOTHER.

Whilk ballant, Faither, will ye hae?—Davie  
Had store o' them : there's mony a bonny tale  
o' men and women, aye and wee weans too  
For Christ His Crown and Covenant that chose

<sup>1</sup> Bought.

<sup>2</sup> Pedlar.

Suffering not sinning, thae bad "killing times";  
And a' that Davie brocht, I hae by heart.

## FATHER.

Gie us the Last Days o' the great Argyle.  
Hist! bairns, and hear your Mither, and tak tent<sup>1</sup>  
Hoo for Christ's Crown and Covenant men can die.

MOTHER (*reciting*).

Drunk Middleton sits in the Parliament Ha',  
Wi' him his rabble crew,  
The King's Grace' Advocate and a',  
Yet is their muster few.

Afore them stands the great Argyle,  
Frac London-Tower brocht by the Sea,  
Whar o' his King he was taen by guile,  
When he gaed to swear fealty.

"Not noo, 'tis Archibald, wi' ye  
As when 'twixt Cross and Tron  
Ye set the flesh-stocks up," quoth he,  
Sir John Fletcher,<sup>2</sup> wi' scorn:

<sup>1</sup> Take note.<sup>2</sup> Pronounced Flesher

Gillespie Gromach turns his ee,  
That baith ways looks, on him ;  
"A Flesher dog bites sair," quo he,  
Gillespie Gromach grim !

Not great Argyle it is, I grant,  
That day on trial doth stand,  
But for Christ's Crown and Covenant  
Our Covenanted Land !

Wi' the King's murder-crime they press,  
And charges thirty mair,  
Yet bode ilk ane disproved, confess,  
Sae white the bill he bare !

Till at lang last a knocking rude  
Comes at the chamber door ;  
Then joyful lauch the hellish brood,  
Good angels weep fu' sore !

Frae traitor Monk a Campbell brings  
Auld letters o' Argyle ;  
His doom they seal—though a' the King's  
Men there writ like the while,



When ilka true Scot yet was fain  
To bow at Cromwell's feet :—  
Fause Middleton doth speak his bane,  
Trumpet and drum they beat.

When stopt their din : "I set the Crown  
On the King's head, now he  
Hastes me to better than his own,"  
Quoth Argyle quietly.

"The indemnity o' earthly King  
Frae your hands do I miss,  
Yet *His* ye canna frae me wring,  
The King o' Kings who is."

They bring him to the auld Tolbooth,  
His ladye waiting there ;  
A woefu' dame is she, in sooth,  
When he comes up the stair.

"Till Monday they hae gien to me  
My Heart, wi' ye," he said ;  
The waters burst out frae her ee  
As stream frae fountain-head.

“The Lord will it require!” she cries,

“The Lord will it require!”

Then throws her in his arms and lies

A thing o’ woe and ire.

“Forbear! Forbear! I pity them,

They know not what they do!

What walls soe’er they please may hem,

Shut God not out I trow!

Yea, am I as content this hour,

As in the Castle, here,

In Castle as content as Tower,

In Tower as any where.

And on the scaffold still hope I

There as content to be

As any o’ them a’: then why,

Dear Heart, greet sae for me?

Yea, shortly ye shall envy me

That am got on before;

My skill doth fail, if, brethren, ye

Sin not or suffer sore.

Aye was I of a fearfu' mood,  
A man o' thought, not sword,  
Yet now a' fear my Lord sae good  
Hath taken frae His coward.

I thought to have concealed His grace,  
But that I canna noo."  
He turns, the tears adown his face  
Coursing, the window to,

Syne coming back, "I think," saith he,  
"His kindness owercomes me !  
Not all He lets out, lest I be  
Owerwhelmed, sae good is He !

Get me my cloak and let us go ;  
As Roman could I die,  
Yet rather as a Christian so  
Choose I right willingly.

Come away, gentlemen, he goes  
Cleanliest who goes first."  
Sae down the Tolbooth stairs wi' those  
Toward the place accurst.

James Guthrie at the Tolbooth door  
Stands for a last adieu :  
“ My Lord, God hath been with ye, more,  
Is with ye, shall be too ;

Were I not too in Death's sentence,  
Glad wad I die for you.”  
Sae part, wha met first Friday thence  
In Better Place I trow !

With hat and cloak on, down the street  
And mounts the scaffold then,  
As to a Father's House 'tis meet  
Glad a son turns again.

He justifies 'fore a' folk there  
His loyalty to his king,  
And warns them o' dilemma sair  
'Twixt sin and suffering.

Then cheerful to the Headsman gies  
Some tocher in a cloth,  
Ker, Caithness, Loudon, Lothian, these,  
Mementoes, naething loath.

Syne as he steps the Maiden to,  
Hutchison in his ear,  
"My Lord, haud your grip sicker noo!"  
"Nay, I fear not to fear."

A while he prays, syne wi' his hand  
Beckons the Maiden's kiss,  
That widowed leaves our poor Scots' Land  
And weds his sawl to Bliss."

## FATHER.

Weel Davie's ballant tells hoo great Argyle  
Grandly his testimony wi' his blood  
Hath sealed : noo let us hear hoo simple folk  
Like us, gudewife, have kent for Christ to die :  
Gie us the Carrier's Ballant o' Priestside.

MOTHER (*reciting*).

They shot him at his cottage door,  
And his wife was standing near,  
But never a word o' grief said she,  
Nor dimmed her ee a tear.

They tied his hands ahint his back,  
An’ bound his bonny een ;  
But her face was white, and still, and cauld  
As a dead face it had been.

She held his wee lass by the hand,  
Their babe wrapped in her plaid,  
And closer yet the bairn unborn,  
Ne’er wad mak’ faither glad.

“This is the day I tellt ye o’,  
Isabel, or we wed ;  
Art willing, wife, I part frae thee  
For Christ’s dear sake ?” he said.

“Lang syne I wove thy winding-sheet,  
As for a marriage-bed,  
At blessèd Mister Peden’s word,  
The nicht that we were wed ;

Heartily willing, John.” “’Tis all  
I waited for,” said he  
“ ‘Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave,  
Where is thy victory?’ ”

Dragoons six, Clavers bade them fire,  
But motionless stood they ;  
He snatched his pistol frae his belt,  
Wi' his ain hand did slay.

“ An' what think ye o' your gudeman noo,  
Gudewife ? ” quoth Clavers rude ;—  
A flash cam' i' the tearless ee,  
To the white cheek the blude.

She walked wi' steady step an' prood,  
To whar her gudeman lay,  
She laid on her lap the shattered head,  
An' she wiped the blude away.

“ Aye thocht I muckle o' my gudeman,  
An' far mair think I noo ;  
He's died for the Lord that died for him ;  
God forgie them that slew ! ”

“ ’Twere nocht but richt, ” quoth Clavers cruel,  
“ Gin ye lay by his side ; ”  
“ Ay, wark your will, ” she answered him,  
“ Was never gladder bride ! ”

She sat there still as the gloamin' fell,  
An' they turned and rode away ;  
Still when the heath grew dusk in nicht  
On her knees the dead head lay :

But when the first star glimmered out  
I' the welkin quiet an' blue,  
Ae lang look took she o' the een  
She lo'ed, sae sichtless noo ;

An' syne she shut the eyelids white,  
An' kamed the clotted hair,  
An' rowed him in his shepherd's plaid  
Wi's life-blude reddened sair ;

She laid him on the purple heath,  
Gently as babe that slept ;  
Nae word said she till a' was done,—  
Syne sat her down an' wept !”

FATHER.

Ay, wife, the wife's weird was the sairest there ;  
Gude soldiers aye the women-folk o' Christ !  
Let's hear noo Davie's Ballant o' the twa



Margarets we kent oursels, in Wigton Bay  
Wha drank o' Solway's flood for Christ His sake.

MOTHER (*reciting*).

"A bonny May day on the Solway's shore,  
An' twa stakes fixed i' the sea ;  
The tide, the merry west win' afore,  
Comes galloping up wi' glee.

"But what is yon by the far out stake,  
Glints white i' the sun this day ?  
Is't a bonny grilse caught for the fishers to take,  
Or a sea-gull that wings ower the Bay ?"

"Na, kimmer, na, yon's nae silver fish,  
Nor yet is't a white sea-maw,  
But an auld woman's siller-grey head I wis,  
Whar the westerin' win' doth blaw !"

"An' what is yon flutters nearer by,  
Frae yon ither stake i' the Bay ?  
Is't streamers o' gowden silk that fly,  
Or yellow sea-weed gay ?"

"FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT." 281

"Na, kimmer, na, yon's nae streamer o' silk,  
Nor tresses o' sea-weed fair,  
But a braw captured flag, o' Grierson o' Lag,  
Margaret Wilson's shinin' hair !"

Oh the merry west win' it lauchs for glee  
As it chases the dancin' tide,  
An' the glint o' the sun is on the sea,  
Christ's Chariot that's come for His Bride !

It has wet the auld woman's fit,—her knee,  
—It creeps her waist a' round,  
Oh God ! her mouth it's aneath the sea !  
Hark to the gurglin' sound !

"Marget Wilson," they cry, "Look, what there ye see !  
At ye're ain knee the creepin' tide !"  
"What see I but Christ wrestlin' there," quoth she,  
"At ane o' His members' side ?"

"The tide it creeps up, as ye may see !  
Oh Marget say 'God save the King' !  
Whar Marget M'Lauchlan her weird did dree  
Nae mair ye see ony thing

But a glint o' sunlicht on the sea  
 Left by the Chariot wheel—"
 "God save him, gif He will," quoth she,  
 "His safety wish I weel."

They hae taen her frae the dancin' tide,  
 Half dead drew to the shore,  
 "She's said it, Sir! she's said it!" cried;  
 Quoth Lag, that villain hoar—

"Damned bitch, what sic prayers want we o'?"  
 Tender the oath! "Then she,  
 "Christ's child am I, sae let me go,"  
 —And drowned was in the sea.

## FATHER.

Noo gie's the battle-ballant o' Drumclog;  
 An' tell the bairns hoo whiles Christ's folk can *fecht*.

MOTHER (*reciting*).

Oh, Harlaw Height saw a bonny bonny sight,  
 In the merry merry month o' June,  
 For mony a worthy wight was at Harlaw Height,

Lang afore the set o' the moon ! the moon !

Lang afore the set o' the moon !

Oh prood was their Bond, gin it wasna beyond

Their skill to mak folk o't tak tent !

Though Lauderdale sware, wi' his elbows a' bare,

By Jehovah ! wha didna 'd repent, repent,

By Jehovah ! wha didna 'd repent !

Heritors<sup>1</sup> as I ween, when folk preach on the green,

Bode wife, bairns, servants a' keep,

At hame to be seen, their ain four wa's atween !

My certes, they tak us for sheep, for sheep,

My certes, they tak us for sheep !

Syne the wild Hielan' Host upon Glasgow's coast

They sent down to ravage an' rive,

Till the lads o' the College left gettin' o' knowledge,

At the Brig-end to harry that hive, that hive,

At the Brig-end to harry that hive !

Or they gat them back hame, wi' our honey in kame !

—And syne cam that sinfulest "Cess,"

<sup>1</sup> Landed proprietors.

Their tax as they name,—a sin an' a shame,—  
Feeding sodgers oursel's to oppress, oppress,  
Feeding sodgers oursel's to oppress !

Sae Harlaw Height saw a bonny bonny sight,  
In the merry merry month o' June !  
Sir Robert <sup>1</sup> he has come, wi' sword, pike an' drum  
To the preachin' or set o' the moon, the moon,  
To the preachin' or set o' the moon !

An' mony mony mair, a' Avondale is there,  
On the yellow broomy knowe that morn,  
Wives an' bairnies a wheen, an' the tartans atween,  
Aye a glint o' the steel pike an' horn ! an' horn !  
Aye a glint o' the steel pike an' horn !

Hist ! a shot frae the hill ! Maister Douglas stan's still,  
His Bible in's han' for his text,  
“Ye hae gotten the theory,” quick doth he say,  
“Noo gie us the practice next, next,  
Noo gie us the practice next !”

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Hamilton.

For there right across the Drumclog Moss  
Stands Clavers wi' his men a' !  
Oh stern stern they gather, amang the heather  
Our armed men a' in a raw, a raw,  
Our armed men a' in a raw !

Adoun the brow they are marching now,  
They are singing a' thegither,  
An' Loudon looks doun frae his rocky croun,  
To hear that sang frae the heather, heather,  
To hear that sang frae the heather.

"In Judah's land God is well known,  
His name in Israel's great ;  
In Salem is His Tabernacle,  
In Sion is His seat.

Their arrows of the bow He brake,  
The shield, the sword, the war.  
More glorious Thou than hills of prey,  
More excellent art far."

Syne slap across the Drumclog Moss  
An' at them, ane an' a' !

Rins mony a bride, at her gudeman's side  
To kep him 'gin he fa', he fa'!  
To kep him 'gin he fa'!

Clavers' dragoons, fause thieves an' loons,  
Wavered, syne brake, syne fled,  
His ain gude horse fell doun a corse  
Fu' a mile ayont his dead, his dead,  
Fu' a mile ayont his dead!

And six we laid, ilk in his plaid,  
'Neath Drumclog's Moss in the Glen,  
But hoo daur we greet for them, as 'twas meet,  
For their King that died like men, like men,  
For their King that died like men?

Boy.

I wish we had been there, Faither, to see  
Clavers an' a' his men runnin' awa!  
I'd hae rin after them! I'm nane frichtet  
For sodgers!—it's the howlets an' the sea  
Soughin' o' nichts.—

FATHER.

Ay, Willie, but the howlets an' the sea  
Soughin' o' nichts ye're weird ; the wee bit Cross  
The King gies His wee lad to thole as His  
Wee sodger ! Will maun be a man an' mind  
That, when the nicht comes an' the howlets hoot,  
An' his heart louns ! God's arms are aye about  
His folk, my bairn, here in this Solway cave,  
As in our ain theeked cottage on the Merse ;  
An' though at whiles 'tis by a bloody yett <sup>1</sup>  
Or fiery chariot that He taks them Hame,  
Yet aye, couthie <sup>2</sup> an' safe He wraps them in His  
plaidie.  
Gie's Prophet Peden in the Moss, gudewife,  
That fand the black mist lappet o' God's cloak.

MOTHER (*reciting*).

"Here let us pray," quoth Peden, and stood still  
On the black moss ;  
(Atween them and their foes a wee bit hill  
Was a' to cross :)

<sup>1</sup> Gate.

<sup>2</sup> Snug.



"If that the Lord hear not our prayers, this hour  
Dead men we be ;  
Oh God ! not idle this their day and power  
Thy foes can be :

But hast nae ither wark for them but send  
After us here ?  
Send them whar Thou the strength to flee dost lend,  
Worn we an' sere

Wi' strength a' gane. Twine them about the hill,  
Cast Thy coat's lap  
Ower puir auld Sandy, Lord ! this ance frae ill  
Let it us hap."

—God's coat-lap was the mist that day that ower  
The moss did fa',  
Till word cam' to their foes elsewhere to scour,  
An' saved them a' !

Boy.

Let's pray to God, then, Faither, an' He'll send  
Clavers awa, an' let us hame to milk  
Auld Brownie in the byre, an' hear Rodger

Bark on the hill, an’ puss purr at the fire,  
An’ nae mair howlets or the soughin’ sea !

FATHER.

Ay, pray, my bairn ! an’ Hame in His gude time  
Surely ye’ll win, though maybe Hame may be,  
Instead o’ our wee cot upon the Merse,  
Ane o’ the mony Mansions He has gane  
To get us ready by the Tree o’ Life.



## ACT V.

### *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

RICHARD CAMERON.

MICHAEL CAMERON.

Three Onlookers at Proclamation of Sanquhar Declaration.

TURNKEY of Edinburgh Tolbooth.

STRANGER.



ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Sanquhar, June 22, 1680.*

RICHARD and MICHAEL CAMERON *riding up the main street with a troop of twenty horsemen, the Camerons dismount at the Market Cross, the rest of the horsemen forming a ring about them and the inhabitants flocking round.*

RICHARD CAMERON *gives out a Psalm, which is sung, then offers a Prayer.*

MICHAEL CAMERON (*reading from a paper*).

WE do, by these presents, disown Charles Stuart, at has been reigning, or rather tyrannising, on the throne of Britain these years bygone, as having any right, title to or interest in the Crown of Scotland,

for Government,—as forfeited several years since, by his perjury and breach of covenant both to God and His Kirk, and by his tyranny, and breach of the very *leges regnandi*, (the very essential conditions of government,) in matters civil.—We do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of his practices.”

[*After another prayer from RICHARD CAMERON, they remount, and with the other horsemen ride silently and sternly away.*

FIRST ONLOOKER.

Heard ever aught like that? Certes, it is  
Beginning o' the end! Oh, not for aye  
The blood o' God's saints 'neath His altar cries  
“How long O Lord?” in vain! The Bloody House  
Hath its doom spoke this day, nothing I doubt!

SECOND ONLOOKER.

Ay, 'tis a bloody House. The Duke o' York  
Was wroth with Monmouth for the prisoners spared,  
Men say, at Bothwell Brig: the King himself  
Said laughing, “Nae sic trouble had there been

Anent the prisoners gin I had been there !”  
To whilk, Monmouth replied, “Your Majesty  
Then should have sent a butcher and not me.”

THIRD ONLOOKER.

Better ’t had been for mony an ane, poor souls,  
Gin slain at Bothwell ! Greyfriars Kirkyard,  
Wi’ fifteen hundred mair, in sun and shower  
Five months on the bare ground ; or stowed away  
Doun under deck wi’ hatches locked and chained,  
Meatless and drinkless, till the ship gaed doun  
In the North Seas, (though kinder yet mayhap  
Than slavery in the Plantations where  
’Twas bound,) were waur deathbeds nor Bothwell  
Brig !

FIRST ONLOOKER.

Men say auld Donald Cargill ’twas prepared  
First rough draft of their Proclamation here,  
In manner of a Covenant, that ends  
“We do bind and oblige ourselves to defend each  
other and ourselves in worshipping of God, and  
in our natural rights and liberties, divine and civil,  
till we shall overcome, or send them down under



debate to our posterity, *that where we end they may begin.*"

## SECOND ONLOOKER.

Bold men they be thae Camerons ! Sae, here  
In full light o' the day, at Market Cross,  
To read their Proclamation !

## THIRD ONLOOKER.

Ay, nothing  
Doth Ritchie in a corner ! Heard ye tell  
O's sermon when he cam frae Holland back,  
Wherein he said, "The maist part o' the Land  
Cry out, 'Nae other King but Cæsar ! Nae  
Other King but Charles !' but we maun cry  
'Nae other King will we but Christ.' Say ye,  
'Are ye against Monarchic Government ?'  
Not much are we taen up with that : if God  
Let pure Government be established, that  
Is best : but if ye would have God for you  
Ye must cut off *this* King, *these* Magistrates.  
If ever ye in Scotland see good days  
Without disowning of the present King  
Never believe me more ! I know not gif  
This generation will be honoured to

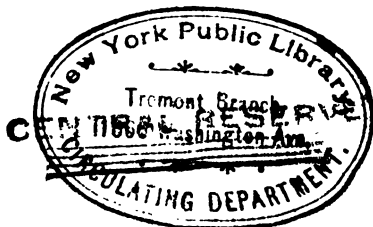
Cast off these rulers, but whom the Lord  
Makes instruments to bring back Christ and all  
Our liberties, shall sic be as disown  
This King and all his Magistrates. Let them  
Take heed, though they to scaffolds take us, or  
Do kill us in the fields, the Lord will raise  
Avengers on them ! Rather had we die  
Than live in the same country with them ; here  
Outlive God's glory quite departing hence."

SECOND ONLOOKER.

The promise Ritchie gave the ministers,  
Against the Indulgence not to preach, doth lie  
Heavy upon his heart. He lodgeth wi'  
Ane I weel ken, she saith his chamber-door  
All day he keepeth shut, and when she speired  
Wherefore sae sad,—for cause of that promise,  
He said, he kent his carcass should be dung  
Or lang upon the wilderness.

FIRST ONLOOKER.

Maist like  
It will ! Mony a precious carcass doth  
Enrich these days our wildernesses. Sure



A bonny hairst <sup>1</sup> Scotland should hae or lang !  
That sermon heard I not, yet ane he preached  
By Crawfordjohn, upon that Word "Ye will  
Not come unto me that ye may have life,"  
I'll mind unto my dying day !—quoth he,  
"My Master hath been crying unto you  
In Muirkirk, Crawfordjohn and Douglas, What  
Say ye ? Shall I away and tell my Master  
That ye will not come ?" Then looking round him  
On the great wild moor outstretching to the sky,  
And to the watchers watching on the heights,  
And the big hills beyond,—“I instruments  
Do take before these hills and mountains round,  
That this day I have offered Him to you ;  
Look over to the Shaw-head and those hills,  
Witnesses all they are now. Look at them !  
When ye are dying they shall come before  
Your face.”—Syne fell baith he and a' the folk  
In a calm weeping : ne'er shall I forget.

## THIRD ONLOOKER.

A right true soldier Richard Cameron is

<sup>1</sup> Harvest.

“FOR CHRIST’S CROWN AND COVENANT.” 299

O’ his King Christ ! His Sanquhar Declaration  
Will shake or lang King Charles’ Throne, I trow !

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SCENE II.

*Edinburgh Tolbooth, February 18, 1688.*

STRANGER *returning from the Execution of James  
Renwick. A TURNKEY of the Tolbooth.*

STRANGER.

“A pity ’tis he held such principles ;  
He was a pretty lad,” the Bishop said,  
And ne’er I saw a prettier !

TURNKEY.

Ay, Sir

Made he a happy end ?

STRANGER.

Most happy, as

It seemed. The drums beat while he spake, yet once  
In a short pause, like sudden gush of song  
When a lark soars to heaven, all heard the words  
In tones most clear and sweet, "Soon shall I be  
Above these clouds, soon shall I be above  
These clouds! To glorify Thee, O my Father!  
And enjoy Thee endlessly for evermore."  
—They were his last or the axe fell.

TURNKEY.

Ay, Sir,  
And his last written here in the Tolbooth,  
"I go to your God and to my God. Death  
To me is as a bed to the weary."  
And he but six-and-twenty to his years!  
Surely, Sir, bloodily these bloody days  
Stand to be answered for?

STRANGER.

How long hast held  
Thy post here in the Tolbooth?

TURNKEY.

Ten bad years

Come July next, I've done mine office, Sir,  
 —A wife I hae and bairns ;—but he's the last,  
 —Sweet Mister Renwick—that I'll turn key on !  
 Though maybe nane the waur they've fared, that auld  
 John shut them in ! The drap o' ink and scrap  
 O' paper to bid freens guid bye, that whiles  
 He gied's nae matter to the Council, Sir,  
 (Sic as it is,) I'm thinking, and maybe  
 'Twill stand auld John in stead wi' the ither Judge,  
 Wha kens ?—but nae mair turning o' their keys  
 On folk a hantle better nor himsel'  
 For him ! He's sick o't, frae first nicht he cam,  
 And Ritchie's bloody head had for first arles.<sup>1</sup>

STRANGER.

A sight o' things ye maun hae seen, good John  
 In this auld grim Tolbooth. Wha's bloody head  
 Was it ye had for arles ? Let's hear the tale.

TURNKEY.

Wha's wast, Sir ? Wha's but Ritchie Cameron's ?  
 Ye'll mind Bruce caught them, resting on a knowe,  
 Some sixty o' them, at Ayr's moss : Ritchie

<sup>1</sup> Promise-money.

Himself, and Michael Cameron, Hackston  
O' Rathillet, the lad James Grey, and mair ;  
Escape they couldna, sae they bode to fecht.  
First, three times, as they tell, did Ritchie pray,  
" Lord spare the green, and take the ripe." Syne  
said

To Michael, " Noo lets fecht it to the last ;  
This day, I've longed for it, and prayed for it,  
The day 'tis for the Crown ! Fecht weel, for all  
O' you who fall, open I see Heaven's gates."  
And sae fell Ritchie fighting wi' the best !  
Then Murray cuttet aff his head and hands  
And brought them here, his headless body left  
In the Ayr's moss. His auld faither we had  
Here in the Tolbooth,—'twas first nicht I cam,  
A y~~ou~~anker yet, as Turnkey. Weel I mind  
How the cruel beasts brought him the bloody head  
And hands, and speired at him, did he ken them.  
I mind the auld man wi' his trembling hands  
Lifted and kissed them ower and ower, the tears  
Frae his auld een washing the blood, and said  
" I know, I know them for my ain dear son's !  
It is the Lord ! Good is His will ! Wrong me  
Nor mine He canna, He has made goodness

---

And mercy a' our days to follow us."

Ay, Sir, I loathed the Tolbooth frae that hour !

STRANGER.

What did they after with the head and hands ?

TURNKEY.

Murray bode show them to the Council, Sir ;  
Ane there tellt me, he said, " There are the Head  
And hands o' a man who lived praying and preaching,  
And died praying and fighting."

STRANGER.

Other strange things ye bode to see, these ten  
Years by-gane here in the Tolbooth ?

TURNKEY.

Ay, Sir,

A hantle.<sup>1</sup> Here I was that July day,  
Young Mister Renwick ye saw die this day,  
In the Grassmarket stood himsel' aside  
Auld Donald Cargill's scaffold, (him that drew  
First up the Sanquhar Declaration, as

<sup>1</sup> Many.



They tell,) and heard him as he put first foot  
Upon the ladder say "The Lord knows I  
Go on this ladder with less fear than e'er  
I mounted pulpit with. Now am I near  
The getting of the Crown."—Men say 'twas there  
The laddie vowed the life to Christ he's gien  
This day.—Turnkey here was I too that night,  
Hauding the Lady Sophy Lindsay's train  
In his ain lacquey's livery claithes, Argyle  
Wan through the Castle guard, (hearing next day  
He bode to ludge wi' us in the Tolbooth,)  
And 'scaped them a'. The sentry tellt mysel'  
Hoo Argyle drapped her gown-tail on the ground  
Just at the Castle yett, and hoo she threw  
Its draggled tail into his face smearin'  
It sae wi' mud that nane could ken, and ca'd  
Him "Careless loon," and sae wan they safe through  
And Turnkey was I when (four years gane by,)  
They had him in the Castle at the end,  
And heard him say the morning o' his death  
More joy he had and comfort in that day  
Than the day after he 'scaped frae the Castle.  
I was wi' him that oped his chamber door,  
(He taking aye a short nap after meals,)

And let the Council's messenger see him  
 After his dinner sleeping his last sleep  
 Pleasantly as a child, an hour but frae  
 The Block !

STRANGER.

Saw ye Peden the Prophet, or  
 He died ?

TURNKEY.

Na, Sandy jouket the Tolbooth !  
 Fain had they had him here, but at the last,  
 (As on the Wigton Moor afore,) " God cast  
 The lap o' His coat ower him," let him ken  
 (By inner licht o' warning in his sawl,)  
 His cave discovered, sae caused him to pass  
 Unto his brother's house, there gart his foes,  
 Seeking him, pass the place he lay ; after,  
 In eight-and-forty hours, as he had said,  
 But <sup>1</sup> ony enemy he was at rest !  
 Lang " O to be wi' Ritchie in Ayr's moss "  
 Was aye his cry—" to rest me in the grave,  
 For sma' rest hae I had in a' my life."  
 Yet aye he said, " Bury me where ye will

<sup>1</sup> Without.

My body shall be lift again," as cam  
To pass ; for frae the Laird o' Auchenleck's  
Ain isle dragged they his rotting banes, and burst  
His coffin and tare aff his shroud. They say  
That saw, that though nae breath o' air had stirred  
That day, like sudden whirlwind there cam  
A blast and caught his shroud and twist it round  
A great limb o' a plane-tree whilk forthwith  
Withered, and stands, a black and shrivelled arm  
Uplift to Heaven there this day !—Upon  
The Gallows Hill aboon Cumnock they hung  
Him dead : and after, like a felon laid  
Aneath the Gallows Tree, as he had said,  
" Wi' place where I shall be buried at last  
Ye all shall be displeased, yet I charge ye  
Lift not my banes again." Sae there he lies.

## STRANGER.

Men say he prophesied afore he died  
Anent our poor Kirk here in Scotland ?

## TURNKEY.

Ay,  
" Dark days," quoth he, " sall be, sic as our Kirk

Ne’er saw the like, nor (ance weel ower) sall see,”  
And faith his words cam true ! Twenty-eight years  
O’ Hangman’s gallows and o’ bloody block !  
Three hundred sixty-twa James Renwick maks  
Murdered wi’ form o’ law ; nigh five hundred  
In cauld blood slain without ; men do count, Sir,  
Wi’ them in battle fallen—them as slaves  
Sent to Plantations far away, or drowned  
In voyage there in the stormy seas ; banished  
To the wild islands o’ the North ; or shut  
Up in our Tolbooth here or otherwhere ;  
Them that died perished o’ cauld and hunger  
On mountains or on moors ; in our poor realm  
O’ Scotland, eighteen thousand folk have tholed <sup>1</sup>  
Or died for Christ His Crown and Covenant !  
Dark days i’ faith, as Sandy prophesied !  
God grant his ither words come true as weel !

STRANGER.

What were his other words ?

TURNKEY.

“Yet John,” he said, (to John Clark o’ Muirbrook

<sup>1</sup> Suffered.

It was he spake,) " Frae her grave shall the Kirk arise,  
And at crack o' her winding-sheet, wi' fear  
Shall sic as had hand in her burial  
Be fair distraught ; then shall there be brave days  
For our poor Kirk in Scotland, she shall come  
Forth wi' a bonny bairn-time at her back.  
I shall not live to see these days, but ye may, John."

STRANGER.

God grant they come !

TURNKEY.

Amen, Sir, and Amen !

SCENE III.

*In front of the Edinburgh Tolbooth.*

*The same STRANGER meeting the same TURNKEY,  
December 1688.*

STRANGER.

Good morrow mine auld friend ! Other days now  
Frae when I saw ye last ! Ye’ve tint your keys !  
A fine flight o’ your jail-birds I hae met  
Down yonder in the Canongate ! like swallows  
When gean-trees redden, gathered on rails  
For flight ! What do ye wi’ the ladders here  
Speeling<sup>1</sup> the Auld Tolbooth ?

TURNKEY.

Ay, surely Sir,  
Thank God they’re tint, thae bloody-rusted keys !  
Fu’ glad the Bishops and the Council be  
To set the jail-birds loose that Clavers caught,

<sup>1</sup> Climbing.

An' see their backs afore they tell ill tales  
Noo that the Papist King has won safe ower  
The water ; (stealing doun his secret stairs  
At Whitehall !) to his Popish friends in France.  
(He's better there I'se warrant, an' we here  
A sight better without him !) At Lambeth  
They say he threw the Great Seal in his spite  
Out o' his wherry deep into the Thames !  
Thank God we're done wi' him, and he wi' us !  
What are thae ladders for to speel Tolbooth ?  
What for but to bring down thae heads that  
there's

Stood whitening mony a year ! The Council, Sir,  
It is that gies the word ! They arna fain  
Gillespie Gromach an' his son up there  
Should win first lug<sup>1</sup> o' the new King and Queen  
Frae Holland wi' their tales ! An' just we've taen  
Frae Netherbow Port, Warristone and auld  
Donald Cargill. A student lad took doun,  
A while syne at the hazard o' his life,  
James Guthrie's that for seven-and-twenty years  
Had stood aboon the Port, and buried it.  
Ye've heard tell, hae ye no, hoo Middleton

<sup>1</sup> Ear.

"FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT." 311

(That judged him,) driving through the Port weeks  
after,

Gude Mister Guthrie's head spat draps o' blude  
Doun on his coach, nae washing wad tak out?

STRANGER.

Thank God these days are ower! The words ye said  
Auld Prophet Peden spake come true at last;  
At crack o' Christ His winding-sheet a' they  
That buried Him are gane clean mad wi' fear!

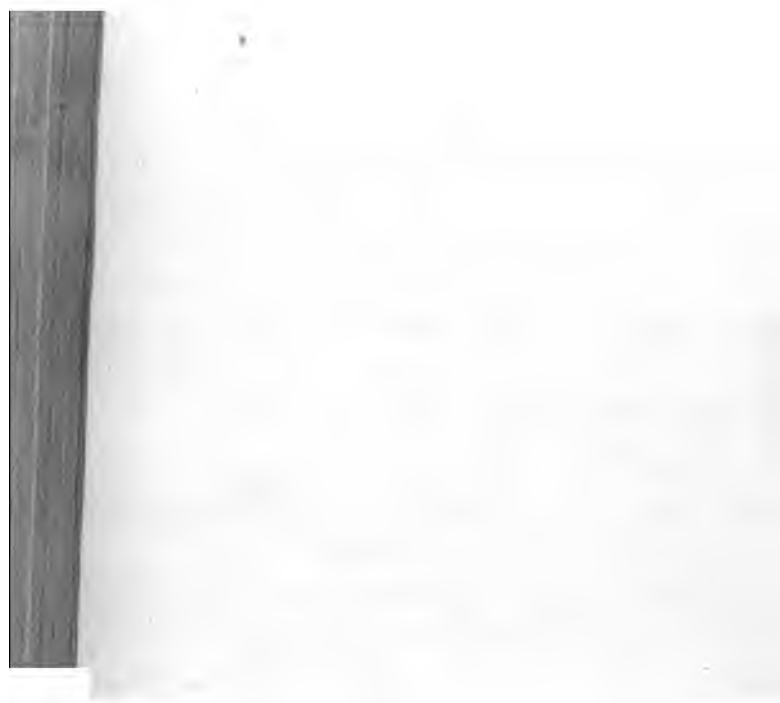




RIFT V.

“YEA, HATH GOD SAID?”

CLOSING YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH  
CENTURY, A.D.



“YEA, HATH GOD SAID?”

WHAT rifts are in thy Reek, in these last days,  
My Scotland, Land of story and of song?  
Changed is thy field of combat, and the haze  
Of present battle-smoke too close and strong  
Above thy fighters, foiled or victor, lies  
For Rifts that tell thy tale to mortal eyes.

Yet through the Battle's Reek, not sight but sound,  
Ghost-voices through the smoke-gloom, faint and far,  
Come to us, listening, from thy battle-ground,  
With fitful hint of how doth go the war;  
The eternal war of Truth, Freedom, and Right,  
'Twixt Powers of Darkness and a God of Light.

“Yea, hath God said?” in questioning tones we  
hear,

(Words surely we heard spoken long ago,)

“Yea, hath God said?” reverberate far and near,

Echoed or echoing, or loud or low ;

“Yea, hath God said?”—the ancient battle-cry

Wherewith of old *one* spurred to victory !

From Rocks, unnumbered Æons that unfold,

From Lower Life that claims man as its kin,

—What Fall in upward strife of New from Old ?

What place for Saviour where is none for Sin ?—

From Tomb and Temple of a Past long dead,

From Scholar's Learning sounds, “Yea, hath God  
said ?”

Is all for nothing then ? A myth, a dream,

Evanishing at touch of Day-dawn's light ?

Hath He ne'er spoken ? Do our ears but seem

To hear His guiding voice athwart our night ?

Is no God-Cause for which our fathers bled ?

Is there no light of life upon our Dead ?

Hark ! from far cloud above the Battle's Reek,  
 Another Voice comes breaking on the ear !  
 Elsewhere we've heard, the words it too doth speak,  
 As Rift through thunder-black of Lightning clear ;  
 "This my belovèd Son, hear Him," it saith,  
 "My Living Word, my Light of Life on Death."

Myths be there if ye will ! By myths that hold  
 The Truth within the Fable, 'twas He taught  
 Ever in Parables ; if from of old  
 'Tis so His Father teaches, is there aught  
 For marvel ? Best may children understand  
 Father's deep Truth through Symbols at their hand.

Yea hath He spoken ; though His Truth lie furled  
 Hid in the Parables Truth's self we deem ;  
 If marred His words through man that reach His  
     world,  
 His Living Word, the Light, the Life, no dream !  
 There *is* God-Cause wherein our fathers bled ;  
 He *is* the Light of Life upon our Dead !



## EPILOGUE





## EPILOGUE.

“ And I saw no Temple therein ; for the Lord God Almighty  
and the Lamb are the Temple of it.”

ONE by one, the mighty Builder  
Takes our props of earth away,  
Clears from scaffoldings that 'wilder,  
Bares His Spirit-fane to-day.

Where His Temple's ancient glory,  
Massive turrets, roofs of gold,  
On Moriah's hill-top hoary,  
Whence His Radiance shone of old,

Through the incense-cloud that hovered  
O'er the morning Sacrifice ?  
—Its aye-burning Lamp uncovered  
On its ruined altar dies.

Its day is done. Shone his Shekinah  
Next in the Church of Christ who died,  
A living Church of Saints who twine a  
Victor's crown for the Crucified :

Ah ! Tongues of Flame burned o'er each brow,  
Steady and clear in her first glad youth !  
But the Fire grew dim : can she guide us now  
' Unerring to God's Truth ?

The Glory flits :—on His Written Page  
Glow's awhile as with Heaven's sole light ;  
Falls an earth-shade now ?—Must our later age  
Grove guideless then through the night ?

Not so ! Not so ! Though all Fanes that erst  
Jehovah's Shekinah filled  
Lay crumbled around us in the dust,  
Oh doubting hearts, be stilled !

Not His Temple of old that Glory could hold,  
Not His Church of the Crucified,  
Not His Word though told through Saints of old ;  
—Only God and the Lamb that died !

But avenues all to that Spirit-fane,  
But lamps that light to the Shrine,  
Left behind when the Holy of Holies we gain,  
Swallowed up in the Light Divine.

God Himself and the Lamb the Temple there ;  
Then why for earth's fanes strain our sight ?  
How mourn His lost Shekinah where  
God Himself and the Lamb are the Light ?



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